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The Minden Echo

AND HALIBURTON COUNTY RECORDER.

VOL. I. NO. 12.
Terms—One Dollar per annum.

MINDEN, ONTARIO NOVEMBER 6th, 1884.

BROWN & SMALL,
Publishers and Proprietors.

THE MINDEN ECHO
And Haliburton County Recorder,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY EVENING
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business, Professional and Hotel Cards, 12 months	$ 4 00
1 Square, 12 months	8 00
1 Square, 6 months	4 50
[illegible] column advertisement, 12 months	20 00
[illegible] " " " "	38 00
[illegible] " " " "	27 00
[illegible] " " " "	14 00
Full Column, 12 months	50 00

Local advertisements will be charged 10 cents per line for the first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line of solid Brevier for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Small advertisements of farms for sale inserted once for 50c., or one month for $1.

No advertisement discontinued without written notice to that effect, unless specific arrangements have been entered into for a definite period.

Contract advertisements payable on the 1st of January, April, July and October.

Casual advertisements, and those under head of farms for sale, to be paid for when copy is sent in.

BROWN & SMALL,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Minden, 20th Aug., 1884.

BUSINESS CARDS

DR. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office.
MINDEN, ONT.

M. BROWN, Minden,
COUNTY TREASURER,
Conveyancer, etc. Office in Pearce's Block, Main street.

WM. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc. Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON.
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

R. C. CARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton. County Auctioneer, agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

DRS. BURROWS & GRAHAM,
LINDSAY, ONTARIO.
Physicians, Surgeons &c. Office and residence directly opposite Carr's Hotel, William Street, Lindsay. Calls from the country will receive prompt attention.
P. PALMER BURROWS, M. D. C. M., M. C. P. S. &c. Graduate McGill College, Montreal, 1880.
R. H. GRAHAM, M. D. C. M., late of Soho Hospital, London. F. T. M. S. & M. R. C. S., Eng.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
Mr. Aaron Brooks, formerly of the Minden Hotel and late of Fenelon Falls has purchased the above hotel, and will always be pleased to see the faces of old customers in his house and as many new ones as possible. Every accommodation will be afforded. Best wines, liquors and cigars at the bar, well furnished tables, and attentive hostler. Office of the Minden and Kinmount stage.

VICTORIA HOTEL, KINMOUNT.
WM. DUNBAR, PROPRIETOR.
This well known hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the present proprietor and now offers good accommodation for all who may [illegible] and lumbermen will find this the best hotel in the north. Choice liquors and cigars always on hand. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

KINMOUNT HOUSE, KINMOUNT.
JOSEPH BOWIE, PROPRIETOR.
The above premises have recently been fitted up in good style for a first-class hotel, and the public can be assured of the best accommodation at very reasonable rates. The bar is supplied with all the best brands of liquors and cigars. Large stables and sheds and an attentive hostler. Office of the Minden and Kinmount stage line.

NORTHERN HOTEL,
KINMOUNT, ONT.
This really first-class hotel has recently received large additions and a thorough overhauling, and can now be rated as the best hotel in the northern district. The most complete internal arrangements, and a full stock of choice wines, liquors and cigars always in stock. Good stabling and attentive hostler. W. S. SCOTT, Proprietor.

MINDEN HOTEL,
JAMES BUCK, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel has been refitted and refurnished throughout, and now stands second to none in the northern district. First-class accommodation for the travelling public; the tables are supplied with all the freshest seasonable delicacies, and the bar is carefully kept replete with the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

JEWETT HOUSE, LINDSAY.
CORNER KENT AND YORK STREETS.
This hotel has lately been purchased by Mr. Waters, late of Port Perry and Toronto, and is now fitted up in first-class style. It is the most centrally situated hotel in Lindsay, and offers extra facilities to those visiting the town, being convenient to all the principal business places and the post office. The bar is always supplied with the choicest liquors. All are welcome. Charges moderate.

HALIBURTON HOUSE,
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO.
This is a first-class house, and offers every comfort and accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Sportsmen will find unrivalled hunting, fishing and genuine sport in the immediate neighbourhood. Distance from Toronto by rail 131 miles, from Port Hope 99 miles. Conveyances always on hand for sportsmen. Hands and canoes for hire. Charges moderate. HENRY SLUMAN, Proprietor.

BUCK HOTEL, MINDEN,
JAMES MORROW, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favour him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store houses. A well-kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, of the best quality. JAMES MORROW.
Huntsmen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, HALIBURTON, is without a rival in this district as a summer resort for families, and is beautifully situated. A charming place for the huntsman, the sportsman and the fisherman. It is away in the primitive forest, and in a beautiful little village possessing a railway, telegraph offices, and all the conveniences of modern life. Charges surprisingly moderate. The very place to "Spend a Happy Holiday." The proprietor is anxious to accommodate all he can, and parties coming to stay a few days are requested to communicate by post or wire. Five hours rail from Toronto. The hotel is supplied with every accommodation, and a good table is kept. ☞Free 'bus to and from station.
D. KELLETT, Proprietor.
h-zz

WHAT ! NEVER ?

WELL, HARDLY EVER,

Were goods sold as low as at present we are selling them. Owing to the present depressed state of the Wholesale Market, and buying for cash as we do, we are able to offer our customers BARGAINS—real bargains—in almost every line. We do not load ourselves with a lot of unsaleable goods.

Our stock is Staple in every sense of the word. This means that our customers are not tempted to buy things they do not require simply because they are cheap.

We respectfully call attention to our stock of Cloths, Tweeds, Blankets, Flannels, Shirting, Dress Goods, Winceys, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockery and Hardware. Boys' and Men's Chopping Axes, Light Broad Axes for making ties.

CASH FOR PORK AND GRAIN.

E. C. YOUNG, Manager.

J. F. YOUNG,

F. D. MOORE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Solicitor and Notary Public. MONEY TO LOAN. Office, Kent-st., Lindsay.

BARRON & SMITH, BARRISTERS-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc., Lindsay, Ont.
JOHN A. BARRON. J. H. SMITH.

A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER AND Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, County Crown Attorney County of Victoria. Office next door to post office, Lindsay, Ontario.

BENJAMIN TROTT,
CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER.
All kinds of Carpentry done cheaply and neatly and on short notice. Orders left with him or sent by mail for undertaking will be promptly attended to.

FOR SALE.

A large number of three-beamed Sleighs, and a number of new pork barrels, will be sold cheap for cash or farmers' produce will be taken in exchange.
Apply at R. C. Strickland's Depot to
JOSEPH RAY.
Minden, 29th Oct. 1884.—k-d

FALL AND WINTER, 1884-85.

I beg to announce to my friends and customers that the shelves of the MINDEN NOTION HOUSE are filled with a most attractive stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. Call at your earliest opportunity and inspect our new Millinery and very cheap Shawls, Mantles, Dress Goods, Cashmeres, etc. Extra value this season in Flannels, Tweeds, Blankets. We are selling them at factory prices at

S. EASTMAN'S MINDEN NOTION HOUSE
Minden, Oct. 1st, 1884.—g zz

MINDEN WOOLEN MILLS.
JOHN GOODMAN, PROPRIETOR.
CUSTOM CARDING, FULLING, SHEARING AND PRESSING done at short notice. Shanty blankets promptly washed at 10c. per pair. Wool for carding delivered at Roy's Store, Kinmount, will be taken to this mill and returned to Kinmount free of freight.
Spinning Wheels and Reels always on hand for sale.
All kinds of Wood Turning done to order on short notice and at low prices.—e-zz.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE
A GOOD FARM WAGGON,
A NICE DEMOCRAT,
Or an EASY BUGGY,
Call and leave your order with

MARK MORRISON.

I make Waggons, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters at very low prices, and give satisfaction in every case.

Horseshoeing promptly and carefully done.

Repairing at short notice and at lowest prices for cash.

M. MORRISON.
Minden, 27th Aug., 1884.

JOHN WELSH,

General Blacksmith and

WAGGON-MAKER.

Having the best equipped shop in the northern country for turning out all kinds of work in my line, I am prepared to give you the best satisfaction.
All kinds of jobbing promptly done.
Give me a call.

JOHN WELSH.
Minden, Aug., 27th, 1884.

—MINDEN—

FLOUR and SAW MILLS.

Important Notice!

In order to carry on my business I am obliged to notify all parties indebted to me to pay the amount of their accounts on or before the 15th of November next, as all remaining unpaid after this date will be put in suit for collection. I would also intimate to my numerous customers that I will make a discount of 10 per cent. for cash on all purchases of lumber up to that date.—b

THOMAS STINSON.
Minden Mills Oct. 14, 1884.—g zz

FARMERS LOOK HERE.

When you require Harness, Saddles, Collars or anything in the Harness line, let me advise you to call at my premises or forward your orders to me as I am making the best harness in the Midland district at prices that will astonish you. I make a specialty of strong tugs, so that you may rest satisfied that when you buy from me the harness will last and not give out in a few months. I defy competition for strength and good make. My collars are first-class. I refer you to James Buck, of the Minden Hotel, as to my stock.

ADAM DORAN.
Opposite A. Campbell Kent St. Lindsay.

LOGS. TIES.

TO JOBBERS.

The undersigned will, as heretofore, purchase Pine, Basswood and Black Ash Sawlogs delivered on the Gull River waters, between Boskung and Coboconk, during the coming winter.

20,000 TIES.

Having taken a contract under the Rathbun Co., he will purchase the above quantity of ties, and expects they will be delivered on the 1st of Feb'y, and as soon as the quantity is got out will shut down at once, as he has had a difficulty in getting sale for surplus ties. The price will have to be considerably reduced, and jobbers had better make arrangements before commencing.

JOS. E. GOULD.
Coboconk, Oct. 27, 1884.—k-tf.

MORTGAGE SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE
FARM PROPERTY

Under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

by P. Conway, Auctioneer, at

SLUMAN'S HOTEL, IN THE VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON,

in the Provisional County of Haliburton, on

SATURDAY,

THE 29TH DAY OF NOVEMBER,

A. D. 1884, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable farm lands, viz:

Lot Number Two in the Third Concession of the Township of Dysart, containing 100 acres, more or less.

There are upon the said lands the following buildings, viz.:—Log house and log barn, also thirty acres cleared.

For particulars and Terms of Sale apply to A. NIVEN, ESQ., Haliburton, or to BARRON & SMITH, Vendor's Solicitors, Lindsay.

Dated 4th November, 1884.

P. CONWAY,
Auctioneer.
BARRON & SMITH,
Vendor's Solicitors.

MINDEN MARKET.

Fall Wheat	$1 00	to	1 15
Spring Wheat	80		1 00
Flour	4 75		5 00
Barley	75		80
Oats	30		30
Peas	50		50
Rye	70		80
Dressed Hogs per 100 lbs	7 00		8 00
Beef per 100 lbs	5 50		7 00
Lambs each	2 00		2 75
Mutton per lb	6		8
Hay per ton	10 00		12 00
Potatoes per bushel	20		25
Eggs per dozen	00		14
Butter per lb	14		15
Hides per 100 lb	4 00		5 00
Lamb skins	25		55
Wood 2 feet, per cord	1 25		1 50
Wood 4 feet			2 00
Wool per lb	15		17
Bear skins	2 50		8 00
Deer skins	60		2 00

The Echo to 1st of January, 1886, only $1.00.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

RAMPANT ATHEISM.

THIS is a subject that requires handling. The atheists of the present day do not content themselves with hiding their repulsive heads in the cloak of ignorance. They have become officious. They aspire to social, to sectional and to municipal government. They become candidates for school government and for ruling municipalities. If they did this as citizens we would not complain; but some of them do not. They take their obnoxious doctrines to the schoolroom and elsewhere. One moment they mock at One who is worshipped by nine-tenths of the civilized world, and the very next moment they use the word in the ordinary affairs of life. Should this be? Do the ratepayers of this country do right in placing such men in positions where their example is a stumbling block to our children, and where they can throw obstacles in the way of christian worship? This has been done in this neighborhood. The time is now approaching when our municipal officers will require votes and when trustees will be seeking re-election. What is the duty of christian men under these circumstances? They should use their votes in such a manner that this disgrace to our common christianity will be removed from any position that may be used for contaminating the minds of grown people and demoralizing our children by arguments and examples tending in that direction. The British House of Commons has decided that an atheist is not a fit person for parliament. We ask: Is he fit for anything else?

A RECANTATION.

WE stated last week that Mr. Frederick Mooney, the present registrar of this county, was dismissed from the office of county treasurer in June last "for his dishonest actions." We beg our readers' and especially Mr. Mooney's pardon for having made that statement. He was not dismissed in June but in March, and the resolution in council causing his dismissal does not say that he was to be dismissed for being "dishonest," nor does it give any reason whatever for dismissing him. We were informed immediately after the issue of last week's paper of our mistake and we hasten to apologize, as we would not have it said that we used improper means to secure his dismissal from the registrarship. The implied reason for his dismissal by the county council was that he was "incompetent" and "discourteous." This was implied by Mr. Dover, the reeve of Dysart, in making the motion for his dismissal. Our readers will therefore understand that Mr. Mooney's having visited Lindsay on his own affairs, as recorded in the auditor's report, and charged the same to the county, had nothing to do with his dismissal; that his having placed a man at the tax sale to bid in lots for him, (telling him that when he held a pencil in one hand he was to understand that he must bid on the lot offered, but that when he changed the pencil to the other hand he was not to bid,) had nothing whatever to do with the council's action in dismissing him; that the balance in the treasury at the same time that the county was paying interest on money borrowed from Elizabeth Mooney, had nothing to do with Mr. Mooney's dismissal. No; none of these things were used against Mr. Mooney, although we are lead to believe that the council knew of them. Therefore our readers will kindly remember that it was for his "lack of courtesy" and "incompetency" that Mr. Mooney was dismissed, not because he was "dishonest" and not because he demanded about $2[illegible] from the township of Minden for county rates in excess of what was really due.

THE RAILWAY BONUS.

AT the last meeting of the county council of Victoria county, steps were taken to bring to the notice of the Dominion Government its position with reference to the bonuses granted by the different municipalities therein to the several sections of railway known as the present Midland Division of the Grand Trunk Railway. The sum of $295,500, it appears, has at different times been granted to the several roads by the municipalities, through which the roads run, and now that these roads have been absorbed into the Grand Trunk system, forming a Dominion railway, the municipalities naturally enough look to the Dominion for aid.

The grouped [illegible] of the Provisional County of Haliburton are interested in this matter to the extent of $65,000, and should heartily co-operate with the county of Victoria therein. When the Victoria Railway was first projected it was seen that it would open up a large extent of country that was then completely isolated from the outside world, and would tend to the settlement of the wild lands throughout the district traversed by it. To accomplish this object the patriotism and progressive principles of the hardy pioneers of this back country were appealed to, and the result proved that the promoters of the road had not mistaken the character of the settlers, as a large bonus was granted by them without which the road would not have been built.

The rapid progress of our Dominion in internal development has since made changes necessary both as to railways and other matters. Confederation, amalgamation, and concerted action have been the order of the day, and the result to the whole Dominion has proved the wisdom of such a course. One of the most important features in this progressive work has been the railways, to which both Dominion and Provincial governments, as well as individual municipalities, have liberally contributed. In the amalgamation act of the Midland system with the Grand Trunk Railway by the Dominion Parliament it is declared to be "in the interests of the Dominion of Canada generally," that our local railways should be so absorbed. It therefore follows that if our railways, which have been promoted, fostered and built by provincial and municipal aid, are to be absorbed into a great national system and taken completely out of local and provincial control, "in the interest of the Dominion of Canada generally" that the Dominion should at least recoup the municipalities who have so patriotically burdened themselves with an oppressive tax to accomplish the development of the country.

The movement of the county of Victoria is, we think, commendable, and we trust our county authorities will join in concerted action to show the Dominion government the justice of the appeal made to them to assume at least any further claims the municipalities may yet be liable for on account of the Victoria and other railway bonuses.

LOCAL ECHOES.

Promiscuously Prepared by Our Peregrinating Paragraphers.

Is it winter?

ABOUT a foot of snow.

WE and almost everybody else hope it doesn't mean business.

ANYWAY we want wood, and those who promise wood on subscription are forgetful.

The Minden Township Council has been ordered by Reeve Gainer to meet on Thursday next

HORSES.—Mr. T. Bradburn purchased ten horses in this neighbourhood last week and had them shipped to Peterboro'.

NOTICE.—The cheapest place in county to buy all kinds of furniture, is at the Auction Mart, opposite the Benson House, Lindsay.

MR. HARRY MAY, formerly tinsmith in this place, is in town to-day visiting his friends here. By the eagerness shown by everybody to welcome him we should judge that his absence has been regretted.

GOOD LUCK.—Last week Mr. Richard Scott returned with five others from a hunting trip to Clear and Black Lakes. They were away twelve days and got 18 deer.

ON THE WARPATH.—Mr. Wm. Pettigrew, the collector for Minden township, informs us that he will be on the warpath next week and wants everybody to be ready for him.

ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH RIDING OF VICTORIA:—When visiting Lindsay be sure and visit the Auction Mart, and see the immense stock of furniture, crockery, glassware and looking glasses, at prices that defy competition.

CUTTERS.—When the snow fell so heavily on Tuesday Mr. John Welsh came into town perched high on a load of unfinished cutters. People thought John came down from the clouds with the snow, and he certainly did look cold. He will soon have them ready for customers.

PUGILISTIC.—Last week a letter in THE ECHO was the innocent cause of a set-to by two of our most respected citizens. They took the middle of the road for it, and after a few passes, during which both got marked, they quit evidently by mutual consent. Neither of them seem to know which was worsted, but the on-lookers certainly had all the fun.

CATTLE.—Mr. Wm. Gainer shipped another consignment of cattle from Coboconk for Toronto to day, part of which were purchased from Messrs. F. Wilson and F. Graham. He is offering better prices than any of the other buyers. He wants more cattle and on his return will visit Haliburton and vicinity for the purpose of buying.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH RIDING OF VICTORIA.—Any person that purchases forty dollars worth of goods at the Auction Mart, Lindsay, will have their fare paid good to return to and from any point on the Victoria Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, any Saturday, and we sell you the goods cheaper than any other house in the county. JAS. H. LENNON, Auction Mart, Lindsay.

IS IT ALL RIGHT?—A correspondent at Cannington writes us as follows:—A sale of real estate took place at Smith's hotel here last week, being the property of Mr. C. Sproule, at which a gentleman bid up to $13,400. Some doubt was expressed as to whether or not it was a bogus bid, but the gentleman said his name was William Gainer, Warden of the County of Haliburton. Do you know any such person?" Well rather. Mr. Gainer is just what he stated himself to be and when he bids at a sale he always means business. There is nothing "bogus" about him, though we suppose he rather startled the Cannington natives with such a show of ready cash, coming as he did from "the land of rocks."

THE ENGLISH LAND COMPANY.

To the Editor of THE MINDEN ECHO.

SIR,—That you are anxious to disseminate truth and justice amongst the readers of THE ECHO I am convinced, and on that conviction I would feel obliged if you would give me a small space in the columns of your next issue. In reading your edition of last week I notice a communication over the signature of "Fair Play," which says that "In THE ECHO of last week there was an article headed "The Professional Grumbler," and that "this designation would be a proper one for the gentleman who wrote the article against the English Land Company in last week's Independent." Who the correspondent of the Independent was, or who the individuals are who style themselves "Fair Play" or "Professional Grumbler" I know not; but after reading "Fair Play's" article I would certainly prefer being the correspondent of the Independent, or even a professional grumbler, than a professional—well, to let "Fair Play" down light I will say—a professional "gentleman" who does not confine himself to the truth. That a communication to a public newspaper should be truthful is at all times necessary; it is especially so in this case, as a suit is pending between the parties interested. Now, to show you and the readers of THE ECHO that "Fair Play" is not truthful in his statements, I will analyze his letter and show you how I do it, the "why" and the "wherefore" as it were. "Fair Play" says that Irwin refuses to pay the council for hemlock that he has taken on road allowances for the following reasons:—"Fifteen years ago the council sold the company the timber on all road allowances in six townships for $1200." I say the council made no such sale. My authority is a copy of the minutes kindly given me by the township clerk who, I have no doubt, would also oblige "Fair Play." The sale the council made to the company for $1200 was the pine, and the pine alone. Furthermore, Mr. Irwin has never been requested by the council to pay for any hemlock. It is to the company the council look not to Mr. Irwin. It is very amusing to read "Fair Play's" version of the causes that keep settlers from settling in this desirable locality. He says it is the accounts that "professional grumbler" keeps floating about the company that do the mischief. If "professional grumbler," or a grumbler that is not a professional or in fact if any one, no matter what his profession or idiosyncrasy may be, would only float the company out of the country altogether they would be doing the country such a service as would entitle them to a bonus that should exceed the V. R. R., and that is no inconsiderable one. I am rather inclined to think "Fair Play" must be a satellite of Irwin's or the company's. After so many errors shall I say it smells a little parasitical; but perhaps the poor fellow can't help it. If "Fair Play" had said the company's unjust land policy, and to say the least their umbrageous dealings with the settler in respect to the paying of their taxes and other matters, he would have hit the nail nearer the mark; but that was evidently not his intention. "Fair Play" goes on to say something about school matters. Now I must confess that school matters are too high for me, and matters that are too high for me I do not trouble myself with; yet it appears a very simple fact that if the trustees raised too much money last year, they will necessarily raise less this. But what appears to me to be the clincher of "Fair Play's" statements is this: He says the company's property was assessed the same as the settler. If "Fair Play" can show me any assessment roll of this municipality when the assessment is the same as that of the settler I will engage friend Sluman to furnish him with an oyster supper, and he may invite Irwin and the company and their staff complete, and I will pay the piper; but I defy him. I am sorry to say justice has not been dealt out to the settler with such equity, though I hope the day is not far distant when such shall be the case. "Fair Play" promises to give us more about the assessment. My advice to "Fair Play" is simple and lucid—don't! I have made my letter longer than I anticipated but can safely sign it

"VERITAT."

Haliburton, November 4th, 1884.

THAT COMPLAINT.

To the Editor of THE MINDEN ECHO.

DEAR SIR,—I was very much surprised at the letter in last week's issue of THE ECHO over the signature of M. Morrison, making serious accusations against me as President of the Minden Agricultural Society. Had Mr. Morrison taken the trouble to examine the show bills he would have found the following clause amongst the rules and regulations: "No article or animal shall necessarily entitle its owner to a prize unless deemed worthy by the judges." In this case Mr. Morrison's scrub bull was the only two-year entered and the judges did not deem it worthy of either a first or second prize and they awarded him a third prize. There were no bulls shown or entered as five year olds. All bulls over two years old are classed as "aged bulls." I was not present with the judges when the prize was awarded. I had no animal competing in this section and had no personal interest whatever in the action of the judges. I can say the same thing respecting the waggon. Had Mr. Morrison exhibited his waggon as a display of "varieties of Canadian lumber," he certainly should have received a first prize amongst the extras, as I never saw so many kinds of lumber in one waggon box before. And he ought to console himself in his defeat by the knowledge that he had turned out an apprentice that could beat his boss.

Yours truly, [illegible]

[In connection with this matter we beg to mention that the misunderstanding about "five-year olds" is our fault. THE ECHO stated that Mr. Morrison was awarded 3rd prize for a "five year-old bull." It should have read two-year old," but the intelligent compositor mistook the word "Two" for "Five," and they do look alike in manuscript.]

HONOR ROLL OF MINDEN SCHOOL FOR OCTOBER.

First class junior.—Reading—1 Walter Peck, 2 Annie Howse, 3 Charles Rodgers.

First class senior.—1 Stewart Gainer, 2 Charles Roy, 3 Effie Turnbull.

Second class junior.—1 Richard Buck, 2 Roland Gainer.

Second class senior.—1 Edgar Croly, 2 Mabel Mooney, 3 Sarah Buck.

Third class.—1 Katie Scott, 2 Thos. Puffer, 3 Abel Brooks.

Fourth class.—1 Florence Delamere, 2 Arch. McIntosh, 3 Juliet McIntosh.

Second class junior.—Writing—1 Rich. Buck, 2 Roland Gainer.

Second class senior.—Boys—1 Wm. Fielding, 2 Edgar Croly, 3 Robert Fee. Girls—1 Mabel Mooney, 2 Sarah Buck, 3 Amy Roy.

Third class.—Boys—1 Bertie Gainer, 2 Charles Peck, 3 John Mortimer. Girls—1 Katie Scott, 2 Edith Watson, 3 Winnie Turnbull.

Second class.—Arithmetic—Girls—1 Sarah Buck, 2 Mabel Mooney, 3 Amy Roy. Boys—1 Edgar Croly, 2 Arthur Mooney, 3 Wm. Fielding.

Third class.—1 Abel Brooks, 2 Chas. Peck and Edith Watson, even, 3 John Mortimer.

Fourth class.—Boys—1 A. McIntosh, 2 Wm. Brooks, 3 Chas. Peck. Girls—1 Florence Delamere, 2 Juliet McIntosh.

Grammar.—junior—1 Edith Watson, 2 Abel Brooks, 3 Thos. Puffer and Katie Scott, even.

Grammar.—senior.—1 A. McIntosh, 2 Florence Delamere, 3 Juliet McIntosh.

Geography.—second class—1 Edgar Croly, 2 Mabel Mooney, 3 Amy Roy and Sarah Buck, even.

Third class.—1 Edith Watson, 2 Abel Brooks and John Mortimer, even, 3 Thos. Puffer.

Geography.—fourth class.—1 Florence Delamere and A. McIntosh, even, 2 Juliet McIntosh, 3 Wm. Brooks.

Euclid.—1 Florence Delamere, 2 A. McIntosh.

Algebra.—Florence Delamere.

Regular attendance.—Edgar Croly, Arthur Mooney, Sarah Buck, Maggie Brown, Rich. Buck, B. McDougal, John Buck, H. Mooney.

ECHOES FROM WEST DYSART.

Correspondence of THE ECHO.

ROBERT DANCEY is improving his cottage for the winter.

MR. JOHN MCNALLY has moved into his new house. Look out for a house warming.

WEDDING.—There is a fashionable wedding expected at Dysart Station before long. Great preparations are being made.

MR. JAS. HARRISON is about leaving Dysart Station. He will be very much missed, as he is very kind to the travelling public. There being no station there, his house is thronged with goods all the time. We do need a station in the worst way.

THE HARVEST HOME, given on Friday 24th ult., by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown, of the Model Farm, was quite a success. The instrumental music by Captain Gibson and E. Frost, Esq., was just first-class, also the vocal by Miss Beavis, Miss A. Beavis, and Doctor McDonald. The cake was number one, but that is not to be wondered at, for I understand Mrs. McDonald was the maker. I do not doubt but some of the young ladies have been dreaming about Frost since the party. I have been dreaming about lemon pie and cake. Among the guests I noticed Miss Leith, Miss Overton, M. S. Derenzy, Captain and Mrs. Gibson, E. Frost, Esq., Miss Turnbow, Mr. Pascow, Mr. Iredale and A. Maguire.

HALIBURTON HAPPENINGS.

Correspondence of THE ECHO.

LOGS.—Mr. Geo. S. Thompson is here letting contracts for getting out logs. He is always welcome.

AT THE QUEEN'S.—Mr. D. A. Carlton is stopping at the Queen's. He is here trying to restore his health.

LOOKING UP.—Times are not going to be as dull as people expected, and farmers may look forward to a ready sale for their produce, though prices are not as high as usual.

FUR.—There are large quantities of fur arriving daily. A buyer from Peterboro' will arrive to-day, and Mr. John Anderson is buying as usual.

LITIGATION.—The reeve and members of the council leave some day this week for Toronto to be present at the trial between the English Land Company and the municipality. Nearly every one here wishes the council success.

FOR THE PULP MILL.—Mr. W. F. Ritchie, of Snowdon, has been here letting some heavy contracts for soft wood for the pulp mill at Fenelon Falls. He has already secured several thousand cords, and will contract for four or five thousands more. This looks as if there was no work for the railway at this point.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.—There has been a report circulated that the Grand Trunk is about to cut off our railway connection; that the train will not run further north than Kinmount during the winter. We do not believe this. In the first place, if the company does this, we will be relieved of our heavy payments on railway rate; secondly, the company does not wish to cut us off, as there has not been a day lately that the train has not left here heavily loaded.

SCHOOL SECTION No. 4, LUTTERWORTH.

Correspondence of THE ECHO.

SPORTSMEN.—There were some sportsmen hunting at Long Lake one day last week. They succeeded in capturing a fine deer. Mr. Peter Tripp administered the "coup de grace."

BEAR SHOT.—Mr. Donald Cameron, who is visiting friends in this section, shot a bear last week weighing 91 lbs. It was a cub and was treed. That's right Dan; do it some more.

LARGE YIELD.—Mr. Wm. Henry last week, thrashed from three bushels of wheat sown, the handsome yield of fifty-five bushels uncleaned. Variety not known. Beat this who can.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—Mr. J. Ostertag, who resides here, met with a serious accident last week. He had gone down to Carson's Siding on business, and while at Mr. Bradshaw's mill, which is some distance above the siding, it seems they had a general chase after a weasel. There was a gun in the hands of some person whose name is not known to your correspondent, which was cocked and which was accidentally discharged, one buckshot lodging in the arm of Mr. Ostertag, breaking the small bone between the hand and elbow. His arm was dressed and set at Victoria Road, and he arrived home Monday, looking pale and worn from pain and loss of blood. His arm is doing as well as could be expected, but it will be some time before he will be able to use it. Such careless persons should not handle fire-arms.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. W. Greer met with a very painful accident on Friday last. He had been helping to thresh at Dr. Gillespie's, and when they moved from there to Henry's he accompanied them. They had to go down a steep hill, and Mr. Lindsay asked Mr. Greer to drive his team down the hill while he assisted in steadying the cleaner. Mr. Greer, who is unaccustomed to driving horses, it seems, did not hold them in sufficiently at first, and when they had got about one-half way down the hill the wheel struck a stone, causing the table on which he was sitting to slide forward, precipitating him in front of the waggon. He held on for some distance, but finally let go, the waggon passing over him.] He was carried to the house, and Dr. Frost of Kinmount summoned, who said there were no bones broken, and that there was no particular danger so long as inflammation could be kept down. He is progressing favourably.

[Received too late for last week.]

AN OUTLINE OF STANHOPE.

Stanhope is a very pretty township, situated in this county, bounded on the north, south, east and west by the townships of Sherborne, Minden, Guilford and Hindon. Any one who is a lover of the picturesque cannot fail to admire its old fashioned wooden houses, its log school houses, dim with age, time having added a colour here and taken away a colour there, until it is hard to say what was the original hue, but they will pass for brown, and the ancient wooden bridges (lacking one which is very much needed) across the different rivers, with the tree-covered hills answering the purpose of a back ground. This township has numerous lakes and [illegible] and fertile valleys, making it well adapted for stock pasturage. Commencing at Lake Bushkonk. We have before us an island of the same name. Here you will find some very nice residences and the people in general very hospitable. The residents are made up of English, Scotch and Irish, with a settler or two of a darker strain. Sailing up this lake we come to Hall's Lake, but before going further I must describe the falls between lakes Bushkonk and Hall's, known as Hall's Falls. The water at this point is about one hundred feet in width, and has a fall of about thirty feet. In the spring a very interesting sight can be had of the timber going over the falls. This is witnessed every season by a large number. Thousands of logs were floated over last spring. To the east of Hall's Lake we next come to Beech Lake, a very pretty body of water, though small, and it is surrounded by industrious and enterprising farmers, among whom, on the north shore, are Messrs. Bailey and Taylor. Facing on the south side will be found the hamlet called Carnarvon, an attempt at a town, and at present the attempt may appear a failure, but as yet it is early to judge, for it is a bran new place. In this quiet nook are the residences of Messrs. Edward and J. Sisson. The former is the postmaster, who also carries on farming operations. The latter is an excellent farmer, carpenter and shoemaker. A little more to the east and we approach Maple Lake, a very fit and proper name, it being surrounded on all sides by sugar-maple trees. Nestling at the foot of this lake is the residence of Mr. R. Dawson. This is one of our nicest farms, with good outbuildings, well stored with grain of nearly all kinds, and beneath the eaves the swallows have collected summer after summer and hung their pouch-like nests. Beneath stands the cock, the glory of the farm yard, amidst his five and twenty hens. Proceeding to the north we immediately cross a bridge, when we will have arrived at the famous limestone quarry, which furnishes us with abundance of lime of a superior quality. The lime kiln is built in a circular form on an overhanging rock. They are busy burning the kiln, and a number of people have collected, talking, gesticulating. Some few are taking an active part, others looking idly on. Around them the deer may be found jumping from crag to crag, the partridge fluttering in the forest, and the water fowl and beaver intent on their own occupations, grasping for life and death in the waters beneath. Sailing a little further down we next come to Mr. McDonald's residence; then next to him comes "The Good Old Man;" thence we come to Mr. Thompson's, from thence the head of this beautiful lake. We are then not far from Melville's post office, another feeble attempt to start a village. After passing a forest we have arrived at S. S. No. 2. Across from No. 2, is the residence of Mr. Jones, and at the head and foot of the lake stands "God's Acre." The overland route is yet to be described.

UBIQUITOUS.

In the Night.

We are sitting alone in the twilight,
 Alone, while the dark shadows fall,
And the soft, night-born zephyrs are creeping
 And stealing around us and all.

Comes, like the faint, sweet voices of fairies,
 The murmuring moan of the breeze,
While it sweeps low and kisses the blossoms
 And whispers its song in the trees.

Not a sound, save the song of the zephyrs,
 Is heard while we listen full long;
And we break not the silence so charming,
 But list to the night-wind's low song.

Up in the skies the bright stars are shining,
 The moon has half vanished away,
And silver clouds are drifting above us
 As fair as the dream of a day.

Far away in the dim, distant westland,
 There flashes a faint flame of gold,
And it only adds more to the beauty
 That the hours of the darkness unfold.

Grotesquely the fantastical phantoms
 Are flitting out under the trees,
While the leaves and the branches above them,
 Tremble in the gust of the breeze.

Ah! say not that darkness is dreary,
 That no charm can hallow the night,
For there's never a midnight so cheerless
 But in it is hidden delight.

PAULINE.

CHAPTER VI.

UNSATISFACTORY ANSWERS.

I travelled in hot haste, as fast as steam would bear me, to Geneva; where I at once began my inquiries as to the whereabouts of Dr. Ceneri. I had hoped that finding him would be an easy matter. His words had given me the impression that he practised in the town. If so, many people must know him. But he had misled me or I had deceived myself. For several days I hunted high and low, inquired everywhere; but not a soul could I find who knew the man. I called on every doctor in the place; one and all professed entire ignorance of such a colleague. At last I felt certain that the name he had given me was a fictitious one, or that Geneva was not his abode. However obscure a doctor may be, he is sure to be known by some of his professional brethren in the same town. I decided to go to Turin, and try my luck there.

It was on the eve of my intended departure. I was strolling about, feeling very sad at heart and trying to persuade myself that I should fare better in Turin, when I noticed a man lounging along the opposite side of the street. As his face and bearing seemed familiar to me, I crossed the road to see him to better advantage. Being clothed in the inevitable tourist suit he presented the appearance of an ordinary British traveller—so much so that I believed I must be mistaken. But I was right, after all. In spite of his changed attire I recognized him the moment I drew near. He was the man with whom Kenyon had engaged in a wordy war outside San Giovanni—the man who had remonstrated with us for our expressed admiration of Pauline—the man who had walked away arm in arm with Ceneri.

The chance was too good a one to be lost. He would at least know where the doctor was to be found. I trusted his memory for faces was not so retentive as mine; that he would not connect me with the unpleasant passage which occurred when we last met. I walked up to him, and raising my hat requested him to favor me with a few moments' conversation.

I spoke in English. He gave me a quick, penetrating glance, then acknowledging my salutation, professed, in the same language, his wish to place himself at my service.

"I am trying to ascertain the address of a gentleman who, I believe, lives here. I think you will be able to assist me."

He laughed. "I will if I can—but being like yourself an Englishman, and knowing very few people, I fear I can be of little help to you."

"I am anxious to find a doctor named Ceneri."

The start he gave as he heard my words, the look, almost of apprehension, he cast on me, showed me that he recognized the name. But in a second he recovered himself.

"I cannot remember the name. I am sorry to say I am unable to help you."

"But," I said, in Italian, "I have seen you in his company."

He scowled viciously. "I know no man of the name. Good morning."

He raised his hat and strode away.

I was not going to lose him like that. I quickened my pace and came up with him.

I must beg of you to tell me where I can find him. I must see him upon an important matter. It is no use denying that he is a friend of yours."

He hesitated, then halted. "You are strangely importunate, sir. Perhaps you will tell me your reason for your statement that the man you seek is my friend?"

"I saw you arm-in-arm with him."

"Where, may I ask?"

"In Turin—last spring. Outside San Giovanni."

He looked at me attentively. "Yes, I remember your face now. You are one of those young men who insulted a lady, and whom I swore to chastise."

"No insult was meant, but even had it been so, it might be passed over now."

"No insult! I have killed a man for less than your friend said to me!"

"Please remember I said nothing. But that matters little. It is on behalf of his niece, Pauline, that I wish to see Dr. Ceneri."

A look of utter astonishment spread over his face. "What have you to do with his niece?" he asked roughly.

"That is his business and mine. Now tell me where I can find him."

"What is your name?" he asked curtly.

"Gilbert Vaughan."

"What are you?"

"An English gentleman—nothing more."

He remained thoughtful for a few seconds. "I can take you to Ceneri," he said, "but first I must know what you want with him, and why you mention Pauline's name? The street is not the place to talk in—let us go elsewhere."

I led him to my hotel to a room where we could talk at our ease.

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," he said, "answer my question, and I may see my way to helping you. What has Pauline March to do with the matter?"

"She is my wife—that is all."

He sprang to his feet—a fierce Italian oath hissed from his lips. His face was white with rage.

"Your wife!" he shouted. "You lie—I say you lie!"

I rose, furious as himself, but more collected.

"I told you, sir, that I am an English gentleman. Either you will apologize for your words or I will kick you out of the room."

He struggled with his passion and curbed it. "I apologize," he said, "I was wrong. Does Ceneri know it?" he asked sharply.

"Certainly; he was present when we were married."

His passion once more seemed upon the point of mastering him. "*Traditore!*" I heard him whisper fiercely to himself. "*Ingannatore!*" Then he turned to me with composed features.

"If so, I have nothing more to do save to congratulate you, Mr. Vaughan. Your fortune is indeed enviable. Your wife is beautiful, and of course good. You will find her a charming companion."

I would have given much to know why the mention of my marriage should have sent him into such a storm of rage, but I would have given more to have been able to fulfil my threat of kicking him out. The intonation of his last words told me that Pauline's state of mind was well known to him. I could scarcely keep my hands off the fellow; but I was compelled to restrain my anger, as without his aid I could not find Ceneri.

"Thank you," I said quietly, "now perhaps you will give me the information I want."

"You are not a very devoted bridegroom, Mr. Vaughan," said the fellow mockingly. "If Ceneri was at your wedding it could only have occurred a few days ago. It must be important business which tears you from the side of your bride."

"It is important business."

"Then I fear it must wait a few days. Ceneri is not in Geneva. But I have reason to think he may be here in about a week's time. I shall see him, and will tell him you are here."

"Let me know where to find him, and I will call upon him. I must speak with him."

"I imagine that will be as the doctor chooses. I can only make known your wishes to him."

He bowed and left me. I felt that even now it was doubtful whether I should succeed in obtaining the interview with the mysterious doctor. It depended entirely whether he chose to grant it. He might come to Geneva and go away again without my being any the wiser, unless his friend or himself sent me some communication.

I idled away a week, and then began to fear that Ceneri had made up his mind to keep out of my way. But it was not so. A letter came one morning. It contained a few words only.

"You wish to see me. A carriage will call for you at 11 o'clock. M. C."

At 11 o'clock an ordinary hired conveyance drove up to the hotel. The driver inquired for Mr. Vaughan. I stepped in without a word, and was driven to a small house outside the town. Upon being shown into a room I found the doctor seated at a table covered with newspapers and letters. He rose, and shaking my hand begged me to be seated.

"You have come to Geneva to see me, I hear, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, I wished to ask you some questions respecting my wife."

"I will answer all I can—but there are many I shall doubtless refuse to reply to. You remember my stipulation?"

"Yes, but why did you not make me aware of my wife's peculiar mental state?"

"You had seen her yourself several times. Her state was the same as when she first proved so attractive to you. I am sorry you should think yourself deceived."

"Why not have told me everything? Then I could have blamed no one."

"I had so many reasons, Mr Vaughan. Pauline was a great responsibility on my shoulders. A great expense, for I am a poor man. And, after all, is the matter so very bad? She is beautiful, good and amiable. She will make you a loving wife."

"You wished to get rid of her, in fact."

"Scarcely that altogether. There are circumstances—I cannot explain them—which made me glad to marry her to an Englishman of good position."

"Without thinking what that man's feelings might be on finding the woman he loved little better than a child."

I felt indignant, and showed my feeling very plainly. Ceneri took very little notice of my warmth. He remained perfectly calm.

"There is another point to be considered. Pauline's case is, in my opinion, far from being hopeless. Indeed, I have always looked upon marriage as greatly adding to the chance of her recovery. If her mind to a certain extent is wanting, I believe that, little by little, it may be built up again. Or it may return as suddenly as it left her."

My heart leaped at his words of hope. Cruelly as I feel I had been treated, tool that I had been made for this man's selfish ends, I was willing to accept the situation cheerfully if I had any hope held out to me.

"Will you give me all the particulars of my poor wife's state? I conclude she has not always been like this."

"Certainly not. Her case is most peculiar. Some years ago she received a great shock—sustained a sudden loss. The effect was to entirely blot out the past from her mind. She rose from her bed after some weeks' illness, with her memory a complete blank. Fields were forgotten, friends were strangers to her. Her mind might, as you say, have been the mind of a child. But a child's mind grows, and, if treated properly, so will hers."

"What was the cause of her illness—what shock?"

"That is one of the questions I cannot answer."

"But I have a right to know."

"You have a right to ask, and I have a right to refuse to speak."

"Tell me of her family—her relatives."

"She has none, I believe, save myself."

I asked other questions, but could get no answers worth recording. I should return to England not much wiser than I left it. But there was one question to which I insisted on having a clear reply.

"What has that friend of yours—that English-speaking Italian—to do with Pauline?"

Ceneri shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Macari! I am glad to be able to answer something fully, Mr. Vaughan. For a year or two before Pauline was taken ill, Macari supposed himself to be in love with her. He is now furious with me for allowing her to get married. He declares he was only waiting her recovery to try his own luck."

"Why should he not have served your purpose as well as I seem to have?"

Ceneri looked at me sharply. "Do you regret, Mr. Vaughan?"

"No—not if there is a chance, even a slight chance. But I tell you, Dr. Ceneri, you have deceived and cajoled me shamefully."

I rose to take my leave. Then Ceneri spoke with more feeling than he had yet displayed.

"Mr. Vaughan, do not judge me too harshly. I have wronged you, I admit. There are things you know nothing of. I must tell you more than I intended. The temptation to place Pauline in a position of wealth and comfort was irresistible. I am her debtor for a vast amount. At one time her fortune was about fifty thousand pounds. The whole of that I spent—"

"And dare to boast of it!" I said bitterly. He waved his hand with dignity.

"Yes. I dare to speak of it. I spent it all for freedom—for Italy. It was in my keeping as trustee. I, who would have robbed my own father, my own son, should I hesitate to take her money for such an end? Every farthing went to the great cause and was well spent."

"It was the act of a criminal to rob an orphan."

"Call it what you like. Money had to be found. Why should I not sacrifice my honor for my country as freely as I would have sacrificed my life?"

"It is no use discussing it—the matter is ended."

"Yes, but I tell you to show you why I wished to gain Pauline a home. Moreover, Mr. Vaughan"—here his voice dropped to a whisper—"I was anxious to provide that home at once. I am bound on a journey—a journey of which I cannot see the end, much less the returning. I doubt whether I should have decided to see you had it not been for this. But the chances are we shall never meet again."

"You mean you are engaged in some plot or conspiracy?"

"I mean what I have said—no more, no less. I will now bid you adieu."

Angry as I was with the man, I could not refuse the hand he streched out to me.

"Farewell," he said, "it may be that in some year or two I shall write to you and ask you if my predictions as to Pauline's recovery have been fulfilled; but do not trouble to seek me or to inquire for me if I am silent."

So we parted. The carriage was waiting to take me back to the hotel. On my way thither I passed the man whom Ceneri had called Macari. He signalled to the driver to stop, and then entering the carriage sat beside me.

"You have seen the doctor, Mr. Vaughan?" he asked.

"Yes. I have just come from him."

"And have learned all you wish to know, I hope?"

"A great many of my questions have been answered."

"But not all. Ceneri would not answer all."

He laughed, and his laugh was cynical and mocking. I kept silence.

"Had you questioned me," he continued, "I might have told you more than Ceneri."

"I came to ask Dr. Ceneri for all the information he could give me respecting my wife's mental state, of which I believe you are aware. If you can say anything that may be of use to me, I will beg you to speak."

"You asked him what caused it?"

"I did. He told me a shock."

"You asked him what shock. That he did not tell you?"

"He had his reasons for declining, I suppose."

"Yes. Excellent reasons—[illegible] reasons."

"If you can enlighten me, kindly do so."

"Not here, Mr. Vaughan. The doctor and I are friends. You might fly back and assault him, and I should get blamed. You are going back to England, I suppose?"

"Yes. I start at once."

"Give me your address, and perhaps I will write; or, better still, if I feel inclined to be communicative, I will call on you when I am next in London, and pay my respects to Mrs. Vaughan at the same time."

So eager was I to get at the bottom of the affair that I gave him my card. He then stopped the carriage and stepped out. He raised his hat, and there was a malicious triumph in his eyes as they met mine.

"Good-bye, Mr. Vaughan. Perhaps after all you are to be congratulated upon being married to a woman whose past it is impossible to rake up."

With this parting shaft—a shaft which struck deep and rankled—he left me. It was well he did so, before I caught him by the throat and strove to force him to explain his last words.

Longing to see my poor wife again, I went back to England with all speed.

CHAPTER VII.

CLAIMING RELATIONSHIP.

Yes, she was glad to see me back! In her uncertain, clouded way she welcomed me. My great fear, that in the short time she would have entirely forgotten me, was groundless. She knew me and welcomed me. My poor Pauline! If I could but find the way to bring those truant senses back once more!

For months nothing of importance occurred. If my love's mind was, as Ceneri predicted, to be gradually restored, the process was a tedious one. At times I thought her better—at times worse. The fact is there was little or no change in her condition. Hour after hour she sits in her apathy and listlessness; speaking only when spoken to, but willing to come with me anywhere; do anything I suggest, whenever, alas! I express my wish in words she can comprehend. Poor Pauline!

The greatest doctors in England have seen her. Each says the same thing. She may recover; but each tells me the recovery would be more possible if the exact circumstances which brought about the calamity were known. These, I doubt, if we shall ever learn.

For Ceneri has made no sign, nor has Macari sent his promised information. The latter, after his last malicious words, I dread more than I wish for. Teresa, who might have thrown some light on the subject has disappeared. I blame myself for not having asked the doctor where she was to be found; but doubtless he would have declined to tell me. So the days go on. All I can do is, with Priscilla's assistance, to insure that my poor girl is made as happy as can be, and hope that time and some day or brought recovery back.

We are still at Walpole street. My intention had been to buy a house and furnish it. But why? Pauline could not look after it—would not be interested in it—it would not be home. So we stay on at my old lodgings and I live almost the life of a hermit.

I care to see no friends. I am, indeed, blamed for forsaking all my old acquaintances. Some who have seen Pauline attribute my lack of hospitality to jealousy; some to other causes; but, as yet, I believe no one knows the truth.

There are times when I feel I cannot bear my grief—times when I wish that Kenyon had never led me inside that church at Turin; but there are other times when I feel that, in spite of all, my love for my wife, hopeless as it is, has made me a better and even a happier man. I can sit for hours looking at her lovely face, even as I could looking at a picture or a statue. I try to imagine that face lit up with bright intelligence, as once it must have been. I long to know what can have drawn that dark curtain over her mind, and I pray that one day it may fall aside and I may see her eyes responsive to my own. If I felt sure this would ever be I would wait without a murmur, if needs be, till our hair has grown gray.

I have this poor consolation—whatever the effect of our marriage may have been upon my life, it has, at least, not made my wife's lot a sadder one. Her days I am sure must be brighter than those when she was under the supervision of that terrible old Italian woman. Priscilla loves her and pets her like a child, whilst I—well, I do every thing I can which I fancy may give her such a pleasure as she is capable of *feeling*. Sometimes, not always, she seems to appreciate my efforts, and once or twice she has taken my hand and raised it to her lips as if in gratitude. She is beginning to love me as a child may love its father, as some weak, helpless creature may love its protector. This is a poor recompense, but I am thankful even for this.

So, in our quiet household, the days pass by and the months glide away until the winter is over and the laburnums and lilacs in the little plots in front of houses in the suburbs are in bud. It is fortunate that I am fond of books. Without that taste life would indeed be colorless. I have not the heart to leave Pauline alone and seek society on my own account. I spend many hours every day reading and studying, whilst my wife sits in the same room silent unless I address a remark to her.

It is a matter of great grief to me that I am almost entirely debarred from hearing the sound of music. I soon discovered that its effect upon Pauline was prejudicial. The notes which soothed me, in some way seemed to irritate her and make her uneasy. So, unless she is out somewhere with Priscilla and I am left alone, the piano is unopened; the music books lie unused. Only those who love music as I love it can understand how great a deprivation this is to me.

One morning as I sat alone I was told that a gentleman wished to see me. He gave the servant no name, but instructed her to say that he was from Geneva. I knew it was Macari. My first impulse was to send back word that I would not see him. Again and again since our first meeting, his words had come back to me—those words which hinted at something in Pauline's past which her uncle had an object in concealing. But each time I thought of them I decided they were only the malicious insinuation of a disappointed man, who, having failed to win the woman he loved, wished to make his favored rival suspicious and unhappy. I feared nothing he could say against my wife, but disliking the man, I hesitated before giving instructions for his admittance.

Yet Macari was the only link between Pauline's past and her present; Ceneri I felt sure I never should see again; this man was the only one remaining from whom it was possible to learn anything respecting my wife. The one whose appearance could, by any chance, stimulate that buried memory, and, perhaps, influence the state of her mind by suggesting, no matter how dimly, scenes and events in which he must have played a part. So thinking, I decided that the man should be admitted, and, moreover, that he should be brought face to face with Pauline. If he wished to do so he might speak to her of old days, even old passions—anything that might aid her to pick up and retrace those dropped threads of memory.

He entered my room and greeted me with what he meant to be assumed cordiality. I felt, in spite of the hearty grasp he gave my hand, that he meant his visit to bode no good to me. What did I care why he came? I wanted him for a purpose. With that in view, what mattered the tool, if I did keep it from turning in my hand and wounding me—and this was to be seen.

I met him with a greeting almost as cordial as his own; I begged him to be seated, then ranged wine and cigars.

"You see I have kept my promise, Mr. Vaughan," he said, with a smile.

"Yes. I trusted you would do so. Have you been long in England?"

"Only a couple of days."

"How long do you stay?"

"Until I am called abroad again. Things have gone wrong with us there. I must wait until the atmosphere has quieted down."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"I fancied you knew my trade," he said.

"I suppose you are a conspirator—I don't use the word offensively; it is the only one I can think of."

"Yes, conspirator—regenerator—apostle of freedom, whatever you like."

"But your country has been free for some years."

"Other countries are not free. I work for them. Our poor friend Ceneri did the same, but his last day's work is done."

"Is he dead?" I asked, startled.

"Dead to all of us. I cannot give you particulars; but a few weeks after you left Geneva he was arrested in St. Petersburg. He lay in prison for some months awaiting his trial. It has come off, now."

"Well, what has happened to him?"

"What always happens—our poor friend is at this moment on his way to Siberia, condemned to twenty years' hard labor in the mines."

Although I bore no particular love toward Ceneri, I shuddered as I heard his fate.

"And you escaped?" I said.

"Naturally, or I should not be here smoking your very good cigars and sipping your capital claret."

I was disgusted at the indifference with which he spoke of his friend's misfortune. If it seems horrible to me to think of the man working in the Siberian mines, what should it have seemed to his fellow conspirator?

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the latter, "with your permission I will enter on business matters with you. I am afraid I shall surprise you."

"Let me hear what you have to say."

"First of all I must ask you what Ceneri told you about myself?"

"He told me your name."

"Nothing of my family? He did not tell you my true name any more than he told you his own? He did not tell you it was March, and that Pauline and I are brother and sister?"

I was astonished at this announcement. In the face of the doctor's assertion that this man had been in love with Pauline, I did not for a moment believe it; but thinking it better to hear his tale out, I simply replied, "He did not."

"Very well—then I will tell you my history as briefly as I can. I am known by many names abroad, but my right name is Anthony March. My father and Pauline's married Dr. Ceneri's sister. He died young and left the whole of his large property to his wife absolutely. She died some time afterward, and in turn left everything to my sister and myself. You know what became of the money, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Dr. Ceneri told me," I said, impressed in spite of myself by the correct way in which he marshalled his facts.

"Yes, it was spent for Italy. It paid for the keep of many a red shirt, armed many a true Italian. All our fortune was spent by the trustee. I have never blamed him. When I knew where it had gone I freely forgave him!

"Let us say no more about it, then."

"I don't quite look upon it in that light. Victor Emmanuel's Government is now firmly established. Italy is free and will grow richer every year. Now, Mr. Vaughan, my idea is this: I believe, if the facts of the case were laid before the king, something might be done. I believe, if I, and you on behalf of your wife, were to make it known that Ceneri's appropriation of our fortune for patriotic purposes had left us penniless, a large portion of the money, if not all, would be freely returned to us. You must have friends in England who would assist you in gaining the ear of King Victor. I have friends in Italy. Garibaldi, for instance, would vouch for the amount paid into his hands by Dr Ceneri."

His tale was plausible, and, after all, his scheme was not altogether visionary.

I was beginning to think he might really be my wife's brother, and that Ceneri had, for some purpose of his own, concealed the relationship.

"But I have plenty of money," I said.

"But I have not," he replied with a frank laugh. "I think you ought for the sake of your wife to join me in the matter."

"I must have time to consider it."

"Certainly—I am in no hurry. I will in the meantime get my papers and petition in order. And now may I see my sister?"

"She will be in very shortly if you will wait."

"Is she better, Mr. Vaughan?" I shook my head sadly.

"Poor girl! then I fear she will not recognize me. We have spent very few days together since we were children. I am, of course, much her senior, and from the age of [illegible] have been plotting and fighting. Domestic ties are forgotten under such circumstances."

I was still far from putting any faith in the man; besides, there were his words on a former occasion to be accounted for.

"Mr. Macari," I said.

"Excuse me—March is my name."

"Then, Mr. March, I must ask you now to tell me the particulars of the shock which deprived my wife of her full reason."

His face grew grave. "I cannot now. Some day I will do so."

"You will then, at least, explain your words when we parted at Geneva?"

"I will ask pardon for them and apologize, as I know I spoke hastily and thoughtlessly, but having forgotten, I am, of course, unable to explain them."

I said nothing, feeling uncertain whether he was playing a deep game with me or not.

"I know," he continued, "that I was furious at hearing of Pauline's marriage. In her state of health Ceneri should never have allowed it—and then, Mr. Vaughan, I had set my heart upon her marrying an Italian. Had she recovered, my dream was that her beauty would win her a husband of the highest rank."

Any reply I should have made was prevented by the entrance of Pauline. I was intensely anxious to see what effect the appearance of her so-called brother would have upon her.

Macari rose and stepped toward her. "Pauline," he said, "do you remember me?"

She looked at him with eyes full of curious wonder, but shook her head as one in doubt. He took her hand. I noticed that she seemed to shrink from him instinctively.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he said. "This is worse than I expected, Mr. Vaughan. Pauline, it is long since we have met, but you cannot have forgotten me!"

Her large troubled eyes were riveted on his face; but she made no sign of recognition.

"Try and think who it is, Pauline," I said.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR PUSS.

Pussy's Degraded Position in the Eyes of the Law.

Are cats property? English law says no, but an English woman, not satisfied with what lordships and worships may have to say about it, chose to test the question. Her puss had strayed, as cats all over the world will stray, into a neighbor's yard, and returned with a piece of meat which the treacherous neighbor had given her. Before mistress or maid could take it from her, poor puss had eaten it and given up one—probably the last—of her nine lives. Whereupon the woman appealed to the law. She declared to the court that this was the second cat she had lost in the same way, and that many of her friends had lost cats, which were believed to be poisoned by the same man. The Magistrate could give her no satisfaction, but suggested that she might find a remedy in a higher court. This peremptory dismissal of the case has been criticised on the ground of the Magistrate's disregard of a law or statute which imposes a penalty on any person who lays poisoned grain or meat on any land except in enclosed places so fenced that no dog can get in; and further enacts that punishment may be inflicted on "whosoever shall unlawfully and maliciously kill, maim or wound any dog, bird, beast or other animal, not being cattle, but being either the subject of larceny at common law, or being ordinarily kept in confinement or for any domestic purpose." An official digest is quoted to show that cats are included in a list of animals "not the subject of larceny at common law," but which are also named as creatures the unlawful possession of which, or of their skins, subjects the holder to penalties. The list is as follows: Bears, foxes, monkeys, polecats, cats, ferrets, thrushes, singing birds in general, parrots and squirrels, and also badgers, hawks, herons, falcons, goats and rooks. But shall it be said that the keeping of the harmless, necessary cat, as a check on the too rapid increase of rodents, is an unlawful possession? Or that the possession of a purring tabby by some one's dear, unmarried aunt, as a companion of her solitude, is fraught with danger to the State? The dog acquires under the law a dignity which is almost personal. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart must each have a recognized existence on the books of a town clerk, must pay a tax, and must, through the owner, be responsible for all or any damages which he or she may inflict upon man, other beasts (except cats) or property. That puss and tabby may have a market value, in spite of law, is shown by the interest taken in cat shows, the costly and handsome prizes which are awarded for physical and moral excellences, and the big prices which are paid for cats of rare breed. In '49 days a cat was worth to the miners in the California diggin's all of her weight in dust. Because in some one's household she and her litter may be only playthings for the children, must they be counted as valueless? On the same ground half the dogs kept in cities should be rated as worthless.—*Boston Transcript.*

The American Type of Beauty.

The most perfectly fascinating creature which the Anglo-Saxon race ever produced was the typical belle of Baltimore, the representative of the whole South. In her grace, her tact and fascination one quite forgot that she would have been quite the same thing if she had been unable to read. Perhaps she never did read, not even a novel. Even when she had a little culture it ran all to "accomplishment," and its real use was only to charm the men a little more. This type of girl, still common in America, and till of late common in England, is disappearing with incredible rapidity. It is going with the long hair which was once the crowning glory of woman, and with it is going much that was once held to be essential to guard life and society from utter ruin. I have dwelt on this because it is becoming so common here that not to comment on it would be to ignore the most remarkable phenomenon of English life as it at present exists. As girls realize that it is becoming more difficult to marry with a certainty of being able to live as well as they did at home, as there is a growing unwillingness to raise large families and be left as poor widows to support them, as, in fact, all the old ideals disappear, and new ones of being able to make a living and be "independent" and "bird-free" are developed, they are becoming careless as to beauty, indifferent as to being charmers. A poor young man in England who is in no way distinguished either by family or works is indeed to be pitied. Women, old or young, speak of him as a nuisance. The only interest which he excites is a wonder why he cumbereth the ground. Now as all men cannot be rich enough to marry poor girls, let them work never so industriously, this is manifestly hard for them. So they emigrate or go to the bad, and so the dance goes on.—*Chas. G. Leland's London Letter in Chicago Tribune.*

Systematic Goodness.

When you rise in the morning determine that you will make some person happy during the day, says Sidney Smith. It is easily done. A left-off garment to some one who badly needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the dejected—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. If you are young it will tell when you are old; and if you are old it will help to smooth the road down to the bottom of the hill. By the most simple arithmetical calculation look at the result. Suppose you live forty years after you commence this course of medicine, and you make one person a little happier than they would have been every day, that is 365 days in the year, which, multiplied by 40, amounts to 14,600 persons which you have made happy—at all events for a time.

Railroad Editor Badly Wanted.

A natural history book relates an anecdote of the horned toad of South America, which, "when placed on the metals, beneath an advancing train, exploded with a loud report like the firing of a gun," says the London *Globe*. That is wonderful enough; but another batrachian in Canada has achieved a greater feat. A train on the Grand Trunk Railway was thrown off the line and twelve persons injured, "owing to a broken frog." If Mrs. Leo Hunter had but known of such a case, what a grand poetic justice she would have introduced into the fate of "the expiring frog on a log," which upset a train and injured a round dozen of humanity.

Florida expects to raise three million boxes of oranges this season.

Why the South Fell.—The South did not fall crushed by the mere weight of the North, but it was nibbled away at all sides and ends because its executive head never gathered and wielded its great strength under the ready advantages that greatly reduced or neutralized its adversary's naked physical superiority. It is but another of the many proofs that timid direction may readily go with physical courage, and that the passive defensive policy may make a long agony, but can never win a war.—*Gen. Beauregard, in the November Century.*

THE PRECIOUS METAL.

Large Output of Gold from Lorne Creek—A Rush Expected in the Spring.

The steamer Barbara Boscowitz arrived from the north yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The news from the mines is most encouraging. Mr. H. W. Washburn, who arrived by the Boscowitz, says that himself and a party of four took from their claim $3,000 worth of gold in one month. Six or seven claims have been thoroughly worked, and all are doing well, from $3,000 to $7,000 being taken out of each claim during the past month. Mr. Washburn exhibited some nuggets to the value of $250 last evening at Frank Campbell's corner, which were coarse pure gold, showing that Lorne Creek is not as worthless as some people predicted it would be. Those claims that have not as yet been properly worked are not doing so well, but still the output is anything but discouraging. The Indians are still in a troublesome state, but the miners fear no harm from them, as they (the miners) are well armed and prepared to maintain their rights. Mr. Washburn holds the opinion that Lorne Creek abounds in mineral wealth, and that a great future is in store for the country thereabouts. A big rush to the mines is expected when the spring opens.—*Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.*

A Great Problem.

—*Take all the* Kidney *and* Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the —*best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —*Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all —*concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —*combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. Morey, Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A Workingman.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A moose that weighed 750 pounds was run down and killed by a Canadian Pacific train near Mattawa the other day. He had evidently become bewildered at the sight of the approaching engine in the morning mist, and was powerless to move from the track.

They Speak for Themselves.

Picton, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. Kingsley.

Leeds County, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never failing remedy.—Rev. H. J. Allen, Bro. Dillon and many others.

P. A. Churchill states: There seems to be no end to the success of Nerviline. I send you a few testimonials, and can send you plenty more if of use to you. Sold everywhere.

California started in fruit canning fourteen years ago. Last year the business reached an aggregate of 14,350,000 cans, of which 10,400,000 were fruits of various kinds, including jams and jellies, and the balance vegetables, of which the bulk, 2,755,000 cans, was tomatoes.

Complain as we May

About our lot in life, we cannot deny that any are exempt by their position from the common lot of pain and suffering. The highest as well as the most humble must be ever on the alert to take advantage of such means as will relieve, when pain makes a relief a necessity to our comfort. In a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of "Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor," we are reminded of two things—the first, that corns are universal, and secondly, that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most certain, painless and non poisonous remedy for corns. Beware of the articles just as good, and use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A new English church built in Moscow at an expense of £16,000 awaits consecration, because no Bishop has yet expressed a willingness to make a journey to Russia.

Loss of Flesh and Strength,

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood-cleansing, anti bilious and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Oak pillars are better support for a building in case of fire than those of iron. The latter are liable to warp from the effect of heat.

—The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit convinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

"Swampoodle" and "Gandertown" are the names of Philadelphia's slums, where, northward from the city, the dregs of the city's population make their homes.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Rev. Dr. Thomas unites more people in matrimony than any two other ministers in Chicago, and it is a fact that no two who were ever united by him have been divorced.

AT THE ALTAR.

Some of the Absurdities and Hardships of the Marriage Tie.

Generally speaking, says the London *Society*, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study and perusal of the service for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest family. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion rails and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey;" one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."

How to Save Money,

and we might also say, time and pain as well, is our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

The Spanish Ministry is so highly incensed at Senor Castelar's Provincial campaign in Biscay that it has actually forbidden the police to permit any public demonstrations or serenades, and people have been arrested for shouting "Long life to Castelar."

Natural gas is now being used in brick-kilns near Pittsburg. A more even temperature, it is said, is secured, than when coal is used, and the bricks are baked to a uniform hardness, even those in the arches which are generally vitrified by coal burning.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of Bearing Down, causing Pain, Weight and Backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

☞Its purpose is SOLELY for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does ALL it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.☜

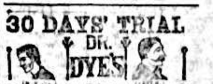
For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this remedy is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. C. N. L. 45 84.

30 DAYS' TRIAL



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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St. New York.

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The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P.
& S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto, Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

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QUICKLY REVENGED.

J. R. Dorsey, a White-Haired Sinner of 74, and Jane Ward, a Hardened Spinster of 60, Lynched—The Couple Accused of an Atrocious Double Murder.

A Centre, Ala., despatch says: At 1 o'clock Wednesday morning the Cherokee County Jail, located in this town, was surrounded by thirty masked men on horseback, and all heavily armed. The horsemen were drawn up in double columns. One column faced the jail and the other its approaches. Twelve men then dismounted and, marching to the door of the jail, called on the Sheriff to advance from his room, whither he had retired and fortified himself for an assault, and surrender J. R. Dorsey and Miss Jane Ward. The Sheriff refused. The doors were at once battered down, and the men in an instant were in the inner corridor, the doors to which easily gave way before well-directed blows. The noise of the furious assault awakened the six inmates of the prison. They all hurriedly dressed, and a negro, who is held for theft, directed the mob to the cells of Dorsey and Miss Ward. The mob then demanded the Sheriff's keys to the cells, and he surrendered them. One brawny mountaineer unlocked the door and jerked Dorsey out into the corridor. He begged piteously for his life, and then giving way to tears fell at the feet of the mob, and, lifting his hands, prayed fervently for divine relief. He was 74 years old, and his long, white hair flowing in the soft breeze that penetrated the avenues of the dismantled prison, lent to his prayer an air of reverence that was most pathetic and induced two of the executioners to plead in his behalf. But the other ten were inexorable. The scene at the cell door, whence Miss Ward was little less rudely taken, was equally pathetic. She had passed her 60th year, and in her youth had been a woman of rare beauty. Her form and bearing had been well preserved. She presented a venerable appearance. When the vigilantes first seized her she fought. But her resistance was of short duration. Her strength gave way, and with a last assertion of innocence she fainted and fell heavily upon the stone floor of the prison. One of the men caught her in his arms, and swinging her body across his shoulder bore her out of the jail, followed by Dorsey and his escort. The mob then took a side road and marching down to a ravine on the banks of the Coosa River, they attached the rope to a limb that extended from a tall bank over the placid waters beneath. The rope was so adjusted that it would not slip and both the ends were loose. Nooses were hastily adjusted at both ends, and were slipped over the heads of the aged couple. The slips were drawn and a moment later the bodies were shoved from the bank, and dangled until life had become extinct. Then the swaying ceased and the lifeless bodies hung until noon yesterday, when the coroner cut them down. As soon as the bodies were shoved off the brink the vigilantes remounted, rode at a gallop to the glen where they assembled, and then, after holding a hurried conference, they separated and soon disappeared. The crime for which the aged couple gave their lives was one of the most atrocious ever perpetrated in the South. On the night of October 5th Mrs. Mary Davis was sitting in her parlor entertaining C. C. Jones, a neighbor who had called to see her husband. It was just after twilight when a loud voice was heard calling her to the door. She responded. Her appearance at the threshold was instantly followed by the report of a shot, and with a piercing scream she fell dead, bleeding from the wounds of a heavy charge of buckshot which severed a breastbone and spattered fragments of her vital organs upon the wall. On hearing the report of the gun and the woman's screams Jones hastened to the door only to have the top of his head torn away by a similar shot. He, too, fell dead instantly. The assailants at once disappeared. Before the life blood of the victims had fairly ebbed away the husband of Mrs. Davis [illegible] in company with some neighbors, and all were horrified at the spectacle of the dead bodies which lay across each other. Circumstances seemed to point to Dorsey and Miss Ward as the perpetrators of the horrible crime, and they were accordingly arrested. A lynching would have at once ensued had not the Sheriff rescued the prisoners and placed them in the jail at Alpine, Ga. That night they were spirited away, and it was not until two days ago that their whereabouts was detected. The events of Monday night at once followed. Dorsey was jealous of Mrs. Davis, who was his niece, and that is the only motive that can be ascribed for the crime. Miss Jane Ward was a spinster of 60 years. Prior to the war she was rich and beautiful, but an indiscreet act hurt her reputation, and from that time she has lived secluded from society. She had a violent disposition, and recently became attached to Dorsey. She was considered an accessory to the killing.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Woman Bleeds to Death Within Twenty Feet of Her Friends.

A Brookville despatch says: A peculiar case in medical practice, and as sad as peculiar, occurred here about half-past 3 on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. V. H. Moore was summoned, at the hour mentioned, to visit the home of a mechanic named McElvaney, on Water street, where he found Mrs. McElvaney, a woman about 30 years of age, apparently dead in a chair. In order to reach her side the physician had to pass through a pool of blood three feet wide, about twelve feet in length, and of sufficient depth to thoroughly saturate his boots nearly half way to the instep. As quickly as possible the unfortunate woman was helped to a couch near at hand, where restoratives succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness, but only for a short time, death ending her sufferings in about half an hour after the discovery was made. The cause of death was the bursting of a varicose vein about midway between the knee and ankle of the left leg. Through fright or weakness the poor woman did nothing to save herself, and had bled to death within twenty feet of neighbors and friends. Nearly every drop of blood in her body had flowed into the crimson pool on the floor. The physician reports the case as an unusual one.

Too Weak to Live.

New York *Journal*: "Why is this butter like Samson?" asked the young man at the foot of the table. Everybody except the landlady was about to say something concerning its strength, when the propounder of the conundrum, who taught a class in Sunday School, gleefully remarked:

"Because it was shorn of its hair after it fell into the hands of the Philistines."

As the joke was as weak as the coffee there were no grounds for hilarity.

An Unfeeling Father.

A bevy of girls were looking at a bridal trousseau.

"How exquisite!" "How lovely!" "How supremely sweet!" etc., *ad nauseam*, were the exclamations made.

"You ought to be very happy, Clara," said one of the girls to the bride elect.

"I suppose I ought," said Clara, discontentedly, "but papa won't bring a newspaper reporter to look at them."

Chorus—What a shame!

The editor of *The Boston Journal of Chemistry* has learned by observation that the ant is an active and efficient destroyer of the canker worm. The little creatures would seize the worms which were feeding upon the leaves of an elm tree and bear them in their powerful grip to their nest in the ground.

Northwest Notes.

Manitoba has entered upon the fourteenth year of its existence.

Arrivals from the Rockies on Saturday report four feet of snow there.

R. H. Shadrick, organizer of the Knights of Labor, has arrived in Winnipeg and will address the people of Winnipeg on the above subject.

In the first week of October ripe wild strawberries were found by the two little sons of Rev. G. H. Hooper in the township of Sunnyside—a very good proof of the mildness of the fall.

A farewell banquet was given to Dr. S. F. B. Reid at the Grand Union Hotel, Winnipeg, on Saturday evening by a large number of his personal friends. Dr. Reid leaves the city, not from choice, but necessity, the delicate health of Mrs. Reid rendering her return to the country unadvisable at the present time. The doctor returns to his old home in Galt, Ont.

A few prospectors came into Calgary last week all well loaded. One of them claims to have discovered a valuable silver mine within an easy distance of this point. An imperfect assay shows $65 to the ton. One old prospector, who had been through the Fraser River excitement, whispered confidentially in our ear: "You kin take my word, mister, next summer them ar' Selkirks will astonish the world."

There have been very extensive prairie fires on all sides of Nelson during the past few days. Mr. S. Lowrey, of 4 8, lost three stacks of wheat; Mr. A. McCaulay, of 1-10, lost four stacks of wheat and all his hay; Mr. J. Ewen, of 2-10, had all his oats destroyed; Mr. C. E. Goswell, in the same neighborhood, also suffered severely; Mr. Weary and Mr. Fritts, 2-11, lost a thresher; and Mr. Oscar Finley, 2-10, was completely burned out, losing house, granary, stables and his whole year's crop. We also hear of great damage done by fire in 1-9 and 1-10.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

From Ocean to Ocean in Another Year—Progress of the Work—Chat With the General Superintendent.

Learning that Mr. M. J. Haney, the energetic and popular Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia, was stopping at the Driard, a representative of the Victoria (B.C.) *Colonist* paid him a visit yesterday, and asked him a few questions concerning the progress of the work of construction. The work of construction is being pushed rapidly forward and about 5,000 men are employed, 4 000 being Chinese laborers, without whom, the Superintendent said, work of great magnitude could not be carried on in this country without tremendous expense. White labor, which he had employed in the east with great satisfaction, here proved to be unproductive from a lack of energy on the part of the men, or a desire to get a "soft sit," the only way that it could be accounted for being, in the Superintendent's mind, something in the climate which caused a feeling of laziness and carelessness. Had not the cave-ins in the tunnels occurred, the track would now have been laid beyond Barnes. As it is, the line is graded, and, if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent it, the cry will be

THROUGH TO SAVONA

by 1st of December. Mr. Haney has had some rough work of construction during his career, but that on the Onderdonk contract is the most difficult and dangerous that he has ever been connected with. His first impression on going over the line was of alarm at the fearful grandeur of the country through which the road was to be built, but this quickly vanished, and now he would as soon travel, so far as risk is concerned, over the B. C. section of the C. P. R. as the prairie section. It is the nature of the country through which the road ran that appall[illegible] dangers ahead that made them fearful. The railway telegraph line between Port Moody and Yale came into operation last week, and there are now six operators employed between those two points for the running of trains. Above Yale the Government line is used, and a telegraph office is at every station. The number and nature of accidents on the construction has been greatly exaggerated; for a fact there were but two deaths to employees, and not a passenger injured since the road has been in operation. The scenery through which the B. C. section passes is grander, more picturesque and varied than on the other roads. There is not the same monotony of sage brush and bleak-looking mountains as on the Union Pacific, but from the grand scenery from Port Moody to Yale, it merges into the awfully magnificent scenery of towering perpendicular mountains on the one side and abysses beneath on the other. In one stretch of thirty miles the road runs along a perpendicular wall of rock, with the raging Fraser hundreds of feet beneath. This changes when Kamloops is reached, and the road passes by the Thompson river along the little and big Shuswap lakes, where the mountains have a gradual slope, and the scenery pleasantly picturesque. The Superintendent was questioned as to the probable cost of the Onderdonk contract, and said that the average cost per mile from Port Moody to Yale will be about $40,000; from that point to Savona it will foot up to about $100 000 per mile. The heaviest part of construction is now passed, and the 150 miles of contract beyond Savona, secured by Mr. Onderdonk will be easy compared to the Yale Savona section. When queried with regard to the probable time when this new section would be finished, he said he had not the least doubt but that they would have the rails laid and trains running by the 1st of September next year, and that he thought that those working from the east would meet them there, and that trains would run through from ocean to ocean by the 1st of November. On this new contract the contractors will employ about 9,000 men, 7,500 of whom will be Chinese. During the coming winter about 2,000 men will be employed in tunnel and heavy rock work. When asked about the probability of their being destitution among the Chinese, he said there was none, and that last winter there was no such thing among them, but that they went into huts for the winter, and fattened up. Mr. Onderdonk was bringing in about 35,000 mats of rice. A mat is 50 pounds, which is a Chinaman's supply for a month. He said in the Chinese requisitions for supplies there were about 200 articles enumerated, which seems rather strange, considering the economical habits of John. The mortality among the Chinese was small, and among 6 000 during the past year only thirty deaths had occurred.

An Amateur Oyster-Opener.

Palaski tells a good story of an American who lives near the Arc de Triomphe. The other evening he carried home some fine East River oysters and went out into the kitchen to open them. Hearing a good deal of noise the man's mother-in-law called out to know what he was opening them with. "With an oyster-opener, you fool; did you suppose I was doing it with a toothpick?" was his reply. "No, certainly not," quietly remarked the old lady, "but judging from the language used I guessed you were trying to open them with prayer."—*Paris Morning News.*

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.

A farmer in Washoe county, Nev., claims to have the champion old horses. He has one 35 years old, another 24 and a third 21 years old. They are all in perfect health and able to do regular work.

THE MIN BATTLE.

Graphic Description of the Naval Engagement

BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE CHINESE.

The battle of the Min, or as it is otherwise known, the battle of Pagoda Anchorage—so called from its taking place off the Pagoda, nineteen miles up the river Min and ten miles below Foochow—was the most important in point of number of ships that has taken place since the battle of Lissa, and has also a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it was the first battle ever fought with modern guns. In all there were nineteen vessels engaged, ten torpedo boats, and some thirteen war junks, besides two shore batteries. [illegible] these the French had really seven vessels and two torpedo boats, the rest being Chinese. Imagine two fleets lying side by side for weeks, then all at once a most fearful engagement to take place. This, too, without a word of warning! The arrangement of the ships was all in favor of the French, the three largest French vessels being alongside the three smallest Chinese, while the French, being the ones to take the initiative, waited till the tide gave them a raking fire on five of the Chinese vessels.

As the fight took place with the ships at anchor, there were no tactical advantages won, and no ramming, the only tactics being in the Chinese getting under the shelter of their batteries as far as possible, and on the French side getting behind Pagoda Hill, out of range of the heavier shore battery. The Chinese displayed an incredible amount of foolishness in leaving their torpedo boats in fair range of the French guns, so that at the first discharge they were sunk or riddled by the Hotchkiss, and the Chinese lost the great moral effect of their torpedoes just when they needed them most. Undoubtedly, if the Chinese had held back their torpedo boats till the smoke settled, an altogether different aspect would have been given to the fight. It is interesting to note the relative strength of the two sides, with a comparison of their most important features. The French had seven ships, seven thousand tonnage, during most of the engagement, but were joined later by the Triomphante, four thousand tons, an iron-clad ram. Thus their ships were all unarmored, either composite or wooden, armed with breech loading rifles, mostly five and one-half inches, and all well equipped with Hotchkiss revolving cannon, in their tops and on the forecastle and poop-rails.

The Chinese had 11 vessels, 10,000 tonnage, two of which were armed with one 18-ton gun each, the rest with Vavasseurs, 5½ inch B. L. R., and quite a number of old-fashioned guns. These vessels were all unarmored composite or wooden ships. The total number of French great guns was 71; Chinese, 50; excluding war junks. Weight of broadside, French, 7,000 pounds; Chinese, 4 000 pounds. Men, French, 2,500; Chinese, 2 000. Last, but not least, the French crews were in an excellent state of discipline and confident, while the Chinese crews were undisciplined, and deserting as fast as possible, having good examples set them by their higher officers, who went ashore, all that could, and, with the Chinese admiral, looked down on the fight from the highest peak around and six miles distant! Beside the forces afloat, the Chinese had an army of 15,000 backing them.

This was the state of affairs when, on August 22nd, the French ultimatum having expired, Admiral Courbet warned all ships of the coming engagement.

The 23rd of August was a beautiful day, with a light breeze blowing from the south-southeast, and at noon the French could be seen standing to their guns, apparently waiting. At 1.30 a man-of-war was sighted coming up the river, and soon her colors could be made out. It was the Triomphante.

At 1.56 a red flag went fluttering up toward the Volta's masthead, a sharp report broke from her maintop, and the battle had begun. Right and left [illegible] side then the other, the puffs of smoke lazily rolled out and up, followed by such a crash and roar as if all of the devils of hell had broken loose, while the Chinese, taken unawares, as bravely fired back. At first the roar was appalling as broadside after broadside was poured into the Chinese, and through all was heard the sharp, quick reports of the Hotchkiss, which were sweeping the Chinese from their guns and tearing the war-junks with their crews to pieces as if they were paper, while once in a while the heavy reports of the eighteen-ton guns could be heard.

Four minutes after the first shot, at 2, a huge column of water rose over Pagoda Hill; it was the Chung Woo, the Chinese flag ship, which, being end on, tried to turn around, but was blown up by one of the French torpedo boats, after receiving a shot through her boilers.

To the left the little Chinamen on fire was sinking at 2 08, but still had time to train her Hotchkiss on her deserting boat's crew, and, firing her last gun as its muzzle dipped in the water, blew up and sank, colors flying. To the everlasting honor of her captain and to the shame of the Chinese let it be said that with the smallest and weakest of the Chinese fleet he did the best.

At 2.12 one of the two Chinese eighteen-ton gunboats was blown up by a French torpedo and sank at her anchor.

About 2.20 the Triomphante fired her first shot from abreast of us, and, slowly steaming up the river, took part in the engagement, after firing a nine-pound shot that raked one of the smaller Chinese from stem to stern. At 2.45 two burning Chinese sloops-of-war from the left came floating down, one sinking abreast of us, the other grounded on Flat Island and blew up at 4.51.

At 3.10 the remaining Chinese eighteen-ton gunboat came drifting down and grounded on the steamship Glenfinlas, after being literally blown to pieces by the heavy guns of the French. At 3.30 another burning Chinese vessel, French colors flying, drifted down toward the sea, and blew up at 5.30. Our position as she passed was anything but enviable, for her shotted guns kept firing, off and on, as the flames heated them, while stray shots from the fight kept wandering in our direction, making their presence known by anything but an agreeable screech. As this last vessel passed us her crew were up the masts, forced there by the flames, and as the flames ran up the masts some went out on the yard arms and jumped overboard to drown, while the rest hung on with the desperation of despair till, with a crash, the mast fell, carrying its living load into the seething fire. Of the remaining three Chinese vessels, one entirely dismantled anchored on Pagoda point, while the two off the navy-yard, thinking discretion the better part of valor, fled toward Foochow, but unfortunately both grounded, so one was shot to pieces by the French, while the other had her back broken.

A heavy bombardment was kept up by the French till about 6, when, the shore batteries being silenced and the Chinese army out of range, the firing gradually ceased. During, and subsequent to, the engagement the river was filled with fire-rafts and burning junks with stink-pots, which were blown up by the French as they came drifting down the river.

The actual engagement lasted about forty-five minutes, and in this time the Chinese fleet was literally annihilated, and 1 500 Chinese found a watery grave. The French lost six killed and thirteen wounded, while their ships, with the exception of one or two having a shot hole near the water-line, hardly showed a scratch.

The French had at least three vessels that could get away with anything we have in our navy, and, as the Chinese ships were as good as the majority of our vessels, the result of this fight gives a fair warning of what would become of our vessels in a similar action. I say the result would be the same, for, while our men would fight as long as they had a gun to fire or a deck to fight on, the result will be inevitable—total annihilation. The great supremacy of the French was due to their discipline, quick-loading breech-loading guns, and, what was more terrible than all, the murderous Hotchkiss.—An Eye-Witness.

THE ATKINSON DEFALCATION.

A Receiver Appointed for the Failed Firm of Davies, Atkinson & Co.

Another step was taken Friday in the litigation over the goods and possessions of the firms of Davies, Atkinson & Co. John T. Davies, the senior partner in the firm, now a resident of Liverpool, England, on Tuesday filed in the Superior Court a bill against John A. Atkinson asking for the appointment of a receiver for the firm. The bill, which was suppressed until yesterday, sets forth that on July 20th, 1880 Davies and Atkinson entered into a copartnership, under the firm name of Davies, Atkinson & Co., engaged in the business of buying hogs and hog products, and curing, packing and supplying such products to the firm of J. T. Davies & Co., of Liverpool, England, commission merchants, and for shipment to the continent of Europe and elsewhere. The defendant was, by the terms of the partnership agreement, to devote his entire time to the business in this city, and was to draw a salary of $5,000 a year, payable semi-annually, for his services, and besides was to receive one third of the profits of the business. A special provision of the agreement was that Atkinson was not to speculate outside of the regular business of the firm, and he was not to sign or indorse any notes, bonds or any obligations for any other parties, or become security for any person without the consent of the complainant. On all the moneys advanced to the firm Davies was to receive 5 per cent. interest annually, and Mrs. Isaac Atkinson, the defendant's mother, was to receive 6 per cent. on all moneys she loaned the firm. The other two-thirds of the profits was to go to Davies, and the partnership was to be dissolved on either party giving the other three months' notice. Davies says that Atkinson, in violation of the agreement, "secretly and fraudulently engaged in gambling in option deals on the Board of Trade," and, to carry on these deals, gave checks on the firm's account at the Continental National Bank aggregating $21 012.50, and at the Bank of Montreal for $6,000. Atkinson, at the time these checques were drawn, had no individual account at either of the banks. Up to Oct. 4th, 1884, Davies says, his partner appropriated $200,000 of the firm's assets in the payment of individual losses. As soon as Davies learned the state of affairs in which his partner had involved the business, he gave him notice that the partnership was to be dissolved. Among the assets of the firm are large quantities of hams, bacon and cured meats, which, unless soon sold must depreciate in value. There are a great many outstanding credits and indebtednesses, which Davies expects he must settle, as he charges Atkinson to be insolvent and in debt to the firm in the sum of about $200,000. He therefore asks for a receiver, an accounting of the firm's business, and an injunction to restrain the defendant from collecting any of the outstanding debts due the firm. Robert Y. Hibden was appointed by Judge Gardner as receiver of the firm, his bond being fixed at $100,000.—*Chicago Times.*

THE HORRID CAMPAIGN.

Views of a Pittsburg Belle Who Heartily Wishes It Was Over.

Pittsburg *Dispatch*: "Yes, I wish this horrid campaign, as they call it, was over," snappishly remarked a pretty brunette in a house on 5th avenue yesterday.

"And why do you wish it was over?" asked her companion.

"Haven't you noticed [illegible] since they began the campaign we girls have not had half the fun we used to have? A number of young men were accustomed to come and see me every evening before politics began to boom, as they say, and Mame and I used to have such fun that it was just too jolly for anything. Now they hardly come around, and if you ask them their reasons for being absent, the answer is: 'Wal, we are organizing a Blaine and Logan club to-night,' or, 'The Young Men's Republican Club, of which I am a member is getting things in shape for the campaign,' or, 'I was going through the wards to see how many votes Cleveland will have.' So you see it knocks the fun out of a girl's life. Now there's Charlie. Charlie and I were getting along very nicely, and had hoped that we would be one before Christmas, but he comes to see me very seldom now, and I hear he is studying up protection and free trade, so as to be able to debate with Jim ——. It will take another year to put us on the same footing as we were formerly."

"But I have seen some gentlemen calling at your house lately," answered the brunette's companion.

"Yes, that's true, but it would better satisfy me if they would keep away. They are not in the parlor five minutes before they are flinging patches of 'Blaine's record' and 'Cleveland's record' at one another. They will get wild over 'floppers' and 'kickers' and other barbarous words which I cannot remember. Then there's pa, also. He used to be very liberal, but now when I ask him for any large amount he squirms around and says that he has to give so much to his club, and a fortune to the campaign fund. Yes, I do wish this horrid campaign was over!" and with this remark the vivacious brunette flounced out of the room to get a novel.

Edmund Kean's Assumption.

Young also told us that when Kean was playing in Paris in 1828 his irregular habits and unpunctuality were constant sources of embarrassment to the impresario, says *Temple Bar*. He seldom if ever attended rehearsal, and one evening, when "Hamlet" was announced, took it into his head to be absent himself from the theatre altogether and was at length discovered by the stage manager half an hour before the time appointed for the rising of the curtain, at the cafe de Paris, vigorously attacking his third bottle of Chambertin. In vain the horrified functionary expostulated, alleging as an extra inducement that the Duchesse de Berry had signified her intention of witnessing the performance.

"I am not the Duchess' servant," coolly replied the tragedian.

"Ah, but you are not aware," insinuated the other, playing his last trump, "that her royal highness positively affirms that no one ever equalled Talma in 'Hamlet.'"

"Does she, by G—?" exclaimed Kean, rising from his seat, and eagerly grasping his companion's arm; "then, sir, I am ready, and by the Lord Harry, she shall tell a different story to-morrow!"

"Overdoing it."

Minister (to one of his flock): "I'm shocked, James, to see you've broken your promise and have been indulging again." (James hangs his head.) "Ye really should give it up. It does ye great harm—makes you unfit for work—spoils your appearance—ye canna tak' yr breakfast—ye've a bad taste i' yer mouth—gives ye a splittin' headache—"

James: "Aye, meenester, but ye hae suffered yersel'!"

The following curious instruction is found among those issued for the guidance of the proposed Nile expedition: "The camels are to be treated with consideration and kindness, their peculiarities are to be studied, and no ill-usage or foul language is to be resorted to."

FOR THE LADIES.

Useful Household Hints and Fashion Notes.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

'Tis but a little Bible,
  And the cover is old and worn,
The leaves are dark and yellow,
  And the edges a trifle torn,
And here I find the marking
  Of a delicate hand, and there
Faint trace of tears I fancy
  On a page once white and fair.

And though I've much that's costly,
  And I've much that is wonderful,
There's naught I hold so precious,
  And there's naught so beautiful
To me—as this small Bible
  With its cover so old and worn,
And leaves so dark and yellow,
  And its edges stained and torn.

And though you deem it worthless,
  And there's many—more grand and fine—
There's naught I love so truly
  As this dear book of mine.
It was my mother's Bible,
  And she read it in quiet there,
In days of joy and sorrow,
  Alone in her old arm chair.

It was my mother's Bible,
  And she gave it long ago,
And told me of its comfort,
  In her times of joy or woe,
And so I love and prize it
  More than gems of the earth or sea,
And in my heart forever
  It shall e'er a treasure be.
You know then why I love it,
  Though its cover is old and worn,
And though its leaves are yellow,
  And its edges stained and torn.

Tales of Two Royalties.

Another girl is just from the Berlin Court, says Margery Deane in the Boston *Transcript*. At her feet are a group of maidens lying on rugs, plying her with questions. "Now tell us about the Empress. She is so old, can she look regal any more?" comes from an unmistakable Philadelphia maiden. "Poor thing!" replied the American girl, who is never greatly impressed with royalty. "She is a good old thing," this very patronizingly, "but she is a guy on State occasions." And then she vividly drew a picture for us of the aged German Empress, nearly 80, unable to stand, thin almost to a skeleton, withered and pinched, clad in pale green satin and velvet, with garniture of gay autumn leaves on her train, with diamonds and emeralds innumerable on her poor neck, which is hidden only by tulle, and wrinkled Bernhardt gloves on her poor, bare arms, this toilette surmounted by a high head-dress of feathers. She is wheeled in in a sort of chair-throne or throne-chair. It is not a pleasant description of old age. And the Crown Princess, Queen Victoria's daughter, makes her own dresses!" "Oh!" from a chorus of maidens. "And a Crown Princess?" "Yes, she makes them herself, and the seam down the back meanders just as it always does on home-made dresses, and she doesn't sew them very nicely, either." It is true that this Princess does cut and make clothing for herself and daughters, and superintends the housekeeping. Did not the Princess Alice darn her own stockings?

Sewing a Lost Art.

Some one has been writing to the papers complaining that English women are forgetting how to sew. Perhaps there is some truth in this. I was examining the other morning an old piece of sewing done by Mrs. Grey's grandmother, in which the stitches are so miraculously small and neat that they might now almost take rank as fancy work. There was a marvellous little darn in one part of the fine muslin, the garment in question being a baby's christening robe. Well, this darn was filled in with lace stitches, such as were used in making modern point, but the cotton was so fine that the work must have been rather trying to the eyes. The seams were not run and felled, as they are now, but each side of the seam was hemmed with the narrowest possible little, tiny, soft hem, and the two were "top sewed" against each other. The needle used must have been excessively small, or the work [illegible] was evidently a labor of love and the worker seems to have lavished any amount of labor upon it. No one could have said of it that it looked "blown together," as some one remarked of the dresses in Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits.

Household Hints.

Sprinkle salt immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, and the place may be more easily cleaned. This also counteracts the bad odor.

To restore mildewed linen take soft soap and powdered chalk in equal quantities and rub all over the discolorations. Spread the linen in the sun for an hour or so, then wash off.

If you have occasion to use clothes wet in hot water about an invalid, do not try to wring them out of the water. The best way to prepare them is to steam them; they can be handled with comparative ease.

A teaspoonful of borax, put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

If you are afraid that your yeast cakes are a little stale, put one of them in a cup of warm water with a good pinch of hops; let this stand for an hour or so before using; it will have an excellent effect on the yeast and will insure good bread.

Cuffs that are laundried at home often fail to please, because they are ironed out flat, and when the buttons are put in the cuffs blister and wrinkle. This can be avoided, if the laundress only knows how to iron the cuffs until they are perfectly dry and then takes the broad end of the flat-iron and, pressing very hard on the edge, and slowly goes over the length of the cuff. The cuff will roll as the iron leaves it. This is so simple an operation that one is likely to succeed the first time she tries to do it.

Worth Knowing.

Hearths of gray marble may be cleaned by rubbing them with linseed oil.

To clean red brick floors, rub them with a brick moistened with a little warm milk and water, and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

Leather chair-seats may be brightened and revived by rubbing them with the white of an egg; leather book bindings will also be improved by the same treatment.

Bronze may be renovated and recolored by mixing one part of muriate acid and two parts of water; free the article from all grease and dirt and apply the diluted acid with a cloth; when dry, polish with sweet oil.

For varnished paints save some tea leaves for a few days; then steep them in a tin pail for half an hour; strain through a sieve and use the tea for cleaning the paint. The tea acts as a strong detergent, and makes the paint nearly equal to new in appearance; it will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth flat piece of pumice stone, then polish with rotten stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean, but by adopting the above method, not only do the slates become polished, but any stains are taken out.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in a paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed; make the final mixture about as thick as putty, a kind of paper putty, and it will harden like papier-mache.

To clean frosted (dead) silver ornaments, dissolve a lump of soda in a saucepan of boiling water and place them in it, and leave for a few moments; then add a small piece of yellow soap and rub the articles with a soft tooth-brush; when taken out of the water place in a hot oven on a brick until the desired effect is produced.

The Fashion [illegible].

Gros grain or faille is now considered preferable to satin.

High collars made to meet in front and fasten by two hooks or loops are the proper neckwear.

Theatre parties are considered the proper thing among those who wish to perform social duties but are limited in house-room.

Entire birds of a size smaller than mallards, with little toes turned up toward the heavens, are quite the thing to make hats expensive.

Sleeves are trimmed with a v-shaped inserted piece. In cloth dresses basket-woven braids extend from the armhole to below the elbow.

The postilion basques made by English tailors have the middle forms of the back an inch and a fourth wide at the waist line and wide side forms.

It is reported, though by whom and under what circumstances we do not deem it proper to state, that young ladies are now wearing golden bands about their ankles. But of course they are never seen except by "the girls." Their purpose in the world is merely to provoke envy.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Appointments by the Provincial Government.

The Lieut.-Governor has made the following appointments, viz: Albert Romain Lewis, of Port Arthur, in the Provisional District of Thunder Bay, barrister-at-law, to be Crown Attorney and Clerk of the Peace in and for the said Provisional District of Thunder Bay.

Robert Miller, of St. Thomas, Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, to be a Local Master at the said city of St. Thomas for the county of Elgin, of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario.

William Henry Laird, Registrar of Deeds for the Provisional Judicial District of Thunder Bay; John Clarke, Sheriff of the said district, and Alexander William Thompson, of Port Arthur, to be Commissioners per *Dedimus Potestatem* in and for the said Provisional Judicial District of Thunder Bay.

Charles Kreissman, of Port Arthur, in the Provisional Judicial District of Thunder Bay, to be Clerk of the District Court of the said Provisional Judicial District of Thunder Bay.

Willmott Churchill Livingston, of Hamilton, in the county of Wentworth, barrister-at-law, to be a Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario.

The Lieutenant-Governor has made the following appointments, under the provisions of the "Division Courts Act 1880," viz.:

Elijah Wartman Secord, of the township of Springer, in the District of Nipissing, to be Clerk of the First Division Court of the district of Nipissing.

Hezekiah Kinch, of the township of Springer, in the district of Nipissing, to be Bailiff of the First Division Court of the said district of Nipissing.

The Lieutenant-Governor has made the following appointments under the provisions of the "License Act, 1876," viz.: Frederick Kleist, to be an Inspector of Licenses in and for the License District of South Riding of the County of Bruce, in the room and stead of Ambrose Kroetch, resigned.

The following companies have been incorporated: The Germania Club, of Hamilton, which has for one of its objects the education of children in the German language; the Almonte Driving Park Association; Point Arthur Ontario Telephone Company, for the purpose of establishing a telephone service at Port Arthur, Fort William and [illegible] Booming, Docking and Forwarding Company (limited).

POVERTY, MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Lady Kills Her Child and Herself After Being Deserted by Her Husband.

A Philadelphia despatch says: A hard-working, uncomplaining young wife and mother named Annie Logan has lived at No. 1,208 Callowhill street for nearly two years. Driven to despair by the desertion of her worthless husband she murdered her 3-year old son and then committed suicide. Mrs. Logan had been reared comfortably, and married Jesse Logan, a travelling salesman, six years ago. They lived together until two weeks ago, when he deserted his wife. This drove her to such a condition of despair that she locked herself in her room and wrote the following pathetic letter to her brothers and sisters, well-to-do people, from whom she has kept the secret of her abject poverty and neglect. She said: "I have lived quite as long as I could bear it. For two weeks I have suffered in misery, but before that I was happy. My husband has forsaken me and his dear little boy, who thought there was no one like his father, and was looking for his return. I gave up all for him and will die for him. I forgive and still love him. Howard would have been 3 years old the 8th day of next March. Please bury him in my arms. Dear brothers, forgive me and bury me wherever you wish to. Good-bye to all and every one and to our dear Poppy. Howard used these last words."

Having laid this letter on the table she awakened the child, gave him a cup of laudanum which she had prepared, and then hushed the little fellow to his last sleep. Then the wretched woman took a deep draught of the deadly drug, turned on the gas, and, gathering the dying boy in her arms, composed herself for all eternity. The murder and suicide were discovered next afternoon by the smell of escaping gas, and this terrible social tragedy by a woman unsuspected of previous crime became part of the history of the day.

Personal Paragraphs.

"Sitting Bull," says an exchange "wears a larger hat than Daniel Webster did." And yet Daniel had a big head—sometimes.

Lord Mayor Nottgate, of London, is 55, president of a photographic company, has been an alderman and sheriff, is good looking and liberal in politics.

Patrick Sheedy studied for the priesthood, but became a gambler, making much money, which he now proposes to invest in the management of the pugilist, Prof. John L. Sullivan, of Boston.

Springfield, Mass., boasts that the grave of Timothy Titcomb Holland, late editor of the *Century*, is still continuously decorated by his admirers with flowers, and may be for another century.

Humbert, of Italy, is even more of a man than a king. He directs that the subscription now raising to strike gold medals in his honor shall be devoted instead to families suffering from the cholera epidemic.

Joaquin Miller is now the lion of New Orleans, and has been given the liberty of the Crescent City on condition that he shall write no poetry during his sojourn. He promises instead to study up the sugar interest, and is going to visit John Dymond and H. P. Kernochan, the two most prominent sugar planters in Plaquemines Parish, and will then take a run through the Teche country.

Horace Greeley never said "Good morning," or "Good evening," "How do you do?" or "Good-bye," or inquired after anybody's health. But he scrupulously answered every letter that came to him, and answered it on the spot, so that the writer generally got the reply in next mail. He probably wrote 20,000 letters that did not need writing and died the sooner for it.

CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

Their Superstitions and Their Fatalism.

Soon after the first batch of Chinamen put in their appearance in New York they began to surround themselves with heathen accessories to which they had been accustomed in San Francisco. Before three months had gone by they had several flourishing opium dens, half a dozen "fan-tan" games and lottery points, and a dozen stores for the sale of Oriental commodities. Having provided for the amusements of their daily lives, the moon-eyed strangers set up relations with the powers above, by establishing a Joss house, wherein they hang their prayers with commendable regularity and punctuality. Next they set about encompassing order by the founding of a Chinese law court, and, lastly and very recently, they completed the social circle of Chinese life by opening a hospital, or, more properly, a house wherein the sick may die without bothering their friends and relatives.

Chinamen are well known to be fatalists. This trait in their national character makes Chinamen, who are otherwise cowardly, meet death with the utmost stoicism. On the Pacific slope executions of Chinamen have been by no means infrequent, and in no case has the victim of the law failed to march to the scaffold with the fortitude of an Indian. The belief that what is to be, and no act of a person may avert a catastrophe, renders the healing art most difficult of application to Chinamen. Once John becomes really sick, he is pretty sure to die, because he gives up all hope, refuses to take medicine, and resigns himself stoically to the fate in store for him. He is superstitious, and places what little faith he has in curatives, not in drugs, but in queer amulets, funny bags, and nauseating liquids blessed by the priests. This superstition affects his relations, and once the hand of death is considered to have set its mark upon the sick man's saffron forehead he is an outcast. He is carrion, and no more fit to remain in human habitation, for should he die under the roof all manner of ills will fall upon the inmates. Therefore he is bustled out to die.

In San Francisco dying men are often found upon the streets. Parents are as ruthlessly sacrificed, once their ailment is considered hopeless, as the veriest stranger—and yet the children of a Chinaman are the most dutiful of any children of any people.

Hearing that a hospital, or sick house, as the Chinese term it, had been established in Chinatown, a representative of the *Commercial Advertiser* set out to find the place, and explore it if opportunity offered. From inquiries made among the white people in the neighborhood, the house was located on the north side of the street, five or six doors from the corner of Chatham street. The entrance was under a stoop, and opened into a long, dark hallway, that in turn led into a blind court between the front and rear buildings. The drains from the adjoining houses emptied into the stone-flagged court, and the sewage lay in pools in the broken stone, sending up an overpowering stench. Garbage was scattered over the ground, where it had been thrown from the windows, and lumber, boxes, and barrels filled up the intervening space. Picking his way across the court, the writer reached a deal door which appeared to open into the rear house, but which really opened into a long alley, at the end of which was another door on which was pasted a red sign in black Chinese characters. Knocking produced no response. The visitor lifted the latch and pushed the door open. A volume of foul air and smoke poured out, nearly stifling the reporter, who drew back for a moment; but recovering he entered. The place was dark, but gradually the eye becoming accustomed to the gloom it was possible to distinguish the limits of the place. Not a stick of furniture was in the place, but a brazier, made of an old coal oil can, burned in the middle; [illegible] boxes, arranged end for end, and on one, covered by a quilt made of gunny sacks and rags, lay a human form. As the visitor approached the miserable creature half raised upon his elbow, and asked in a hollow voice: "What for?"

"You sick?" interrogated the reporter.

"Me belly sick," answered the Chinaman, falling back with a groan.

"Hungry?"

"No—no can eat."

"Where are your friends?"

"No got fliends. All gone."

As the poor fellow ceased, a hollow cough told the story. He was dying from consumption, which carries off fully half of his race in this country. Poor food, insufficient clothing and an unsanitary mode of life soon work havoc with the weak physique of the coolie, and his vicious habits of opium smoking and gambling hurry him on until, too weak to stand, his friends carry him to the sick-house.

There was nothing more to learn. John was dying, and he would do nothing to help himself, for was not the hand of death upon him? So, leaving a small piece of silver in the talon-like hand of the sick man, the reporter left. As he stepped into the court the proprietor of the sick-house was coming in with a tin plate of rice and a diminutive cracked cup of tea.

"What is the matter with that man, John?" asked the reporter.

"O, him die."

"The bad sickness?" (Consumption.)

"Yes. Him die to-mollow."

"Where are his friends?"

"Him fliends plenty lich. Got'em store. Payee Sam Kee plenty money keep Ah Jim."

"Why don't you get a doctor?"

"Wha' for? Him die. Wha' for spend um money doctor?"

"Why don't his friends keep him home where he can be comfortable?"

"All same bad Joss come, he die there. Ah Jim all lite. Him die plenty click'n have big fun'ral. Send'um bones back China."

The next day when a reporter called, Ah Jim lay in a pine box. He had on a new suit of blue glazed muslin, and a skull cap with a bright red button. His face wore a calm expression, and the thin hands were crossed over his breast. Funeral punk burned, and little gilded paper cornucopias were scattered around. Across the street grand preparations were making for a great funeral feast, for Ah Jim had died out of the house, and he could now be honored.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

He Appreciated Poetry.

"Is there anybody about this establishment who loves poetry?" he asked as he opened the door and glared around the editorial room with a doubtful look.

"Certainly there is," said the editor: "have you got some there?"

"Yes, four poems, all of 'em on spring."

"Good! That's just what we want. John, sprinkle a little mint sauce on these and take 'em down stairs."

"What for?" demanded the poet.

"For the goat. He is the only one about the establishment who loves poetry. But he wont eat spring poetry without mint sauce."

Two hundred citizens of Columbus, O., have been fined for profanity in the public streets. One man has caused the arrests.

No less than 61 manufactories, devoted solely to the manufacture of playing cards, are located in the German Empire, and 17 of the number are in Saxony.

A traveller says Mississippi and Alabama are covered with mortgages held by New Orleans merchants. Good timbered property in those States can be bought for 50 cents an acre.

A lady in West Point, Ga., has a perfectly white rat, said to be quite gentle and an excellent mouser. He is said to be "rough on mice," as well as a terror to his fellow rats of color.

ECHOES FROM THE MICE.

For THE ECHO by C. S.

One evening late, in bleak October,
Two mice by some great care made sober
Met by appointment to review
Their winter prospects through and through.
One in a neighbouring grist mill found
Food to his taste, both whole and ground,
The other had crossed many a hill,
He came from Humblebumble mill.
Said one, "the winter's drawing near,
With want in store for us I fear;
The farmers, patient though they are
Have had their patience tried too far.
With dingy flour from clean, bright wheat,
They say the miller is a cheat.
Short weight they say is now the rule;
Perhaps they never went to school.
But whether grangers are all fools,
Or merely made the millers' tools,
'Tis all the same to us, you know,
Since any crop but wheat they grow."
The other spoke in hopeful strain—
"There's never loss without some gain.
I heard by chance the other day
Of just the place for us to stay.
I think within the village store
We'll find good flour and something more."
And hopeful there they went to seek
The store with many a frisk and squeak.
Twixt you and me these same two mice
By giving way to avarice
Had been the cause of their own trouble
And talk of miller's dealing double.
And now to make my object clear
There ought to be a moral here;
But I'll conclude my silly rhyme
And give you that some other time.

[The writer of the above says it was suggested by the fact that our farmers are giving up growing wheat and blame the millers for it.]

INGOLDSBY SCENERY.

(Continued.)

In crossing the 2nd concession line north to Mr. Croft's, you will find yourself on the premises of Mr. Jacob Pockett. His is one of the best cultivated farms in the county. Mr. Pockett is one of the very first settlers in the township of Minden, as we think there was only two or three men who had made an attempt at settlement before him. Here he commenced to fell the forest and by industry and good management, he has made a home for himself and family in their old days worthy of praise from all who look upon it. His residence and outbuildings are grand. His flocks and herds are large. Then on the corner of Lot 26, Con. 3, stands the school house of section No. 2, Minden. This building needs no description, as the location and the good judgment of the trustees in their choice of such a school site, is admired by everybody. Miss Leith, who has at present charge of this school, is one of the best teachers in the county, and is labouring hard to store the young minds with knowledge that when they grow old will not be taken away from them. On going east from the school house you come to the residence of Mr. Silas Hill. This gentleman, too, has a magnificent residence, surrounded by grand scenery of green trees and a thriving young orchard. Then after going up the hill you come to the residence of Mr. Alexander Anderson, where you can see his broad acres on both sides of the line, under the best of cultivation. His dwelling is surrounded by good bearing fruit trees and lots of olive branches.

Now Mr. Alex. take your ease,
Sit down and read and chat too,
But if you want real knowledge
Be sure to read the ECHO.

We now pass on to the residence of Mr. Richard Bonny, which only wants to be seen to be admired. Mr. B. is a man who looks after the dollars and cents, therefore his flocks and herds are large upon the mountain steep. Then there is Mr. Robert Burke and Mr. John Anderson, whose homes are also surrounded by grand scenery. Last, but not least, on the 2nd Con. line of Minden is the farm of D. McIntosh, whose dwelling is surrounded by beautiful shade [illegible] ruit trees. As Mr. McIntosh is making [illegible] soon b[illegible]e all that can be desired.

STEEPENFETCHET.

KUSHOG MILLS — SAWYER'S NARROWS.

When the writer saw that your correspondents at Ingoldsby and South Lake had followed in his lines, he exclaimed, "Imitation is the finest form that flattery can take!" Go on boys; a description of your respective neighbourhoods is a much better way of filling up the columns of a newspaper than the style adopted by many periodicals with much larger pretentions than THE ECHO. How often do such announcements as the following pass for local news:—"Miss Jones, after a sojourn of six months at Lindsay has once more returned to the shelter of the paternal roof," or "Mrs Brown has occupied the vacation in putting a new seat into her husband's go-to-meeting pants." For my part I would have been well pleased if your South Lake correspondent had enlarged on the topographical history of his own dear delightful neighbourhood. He might have described the fine low-lying tracts of level land that surround South Lake. He might explain, as he best knows how, why the males are all so huge and behemoth in form and why the "weaker vessels" out there are all web-footed. Has the moisty state of the land anything to do with it? Many a time and oft have I seen that leviathan the behemoth in a land of reeds waddle to his pride of place. The natural history of South Lake reminds me very much of the "land of reeds." However, this is a digression, let us return to the placid waters of Lake Kushog, to the ambrosial retreat of Sawyer's Narrows' to the wondrous activity of Kushog mills, and to the kind, to the genial, also to the affectionate hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. James Nesbitt. Sawyer's Narrows! Can you, Mr. Editor, look back through the dim vista of many happy years on some lone spot that is the most blessed memory of your age? Then sympathise with me, sir, when I exclaim, "Thou art lovely as of old, oh wild Kushog! What though South Lake should boast a bailiff and Ingoldsby a post office? What though Moore's Falls should become a lock, and Minden might become a dock, and thither might navvies flock? What is that to thee? Thou art still lovely as of old! But still, if the reader wishes for fresh fields and pastures new, let him jump on board the "Lilly of the Lakes," a fine and handsome steamer commanded by Commodore Walker. We will only detain him a moment while Mr. Dauncey slowly revolves the span of his new swing bridge, and the "Lilly" steadily steams her way into Sawyer's Lake; As, behold! on the verge of the lake, but distant many a mile, are the happy homes of the Cooks, the Hawkins and the Vowseys—and high on the hill stands the town of the home of the Blairs—Blairhampton. Go on sir. Visit those genial farmers—you will find a hearty welcome, but I go no further. I'll tell you a secret—(Don't you publish this.)—Down there at the Narrows lives a maiden whom all nature calls the flower of Kushog.

"A violet, by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye,
Bright as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

VINDEX.

—The water melon season is over and the small boy is getting the kinks out of him.

—Economy may be wealth, but it is not always a good thing to draw sight drafts on.

—Mayor Smith, of Milton, has been appointed clerk of the town in place of F. J. Jones, deceased, and has resigned the mayoralty to fill his new position.

The Echo to 1st of January, 1886, only $1.00.

IF "MOONEY MUST GO!"

RITCHIE

Will Stay and continue to electrify the people with the prices at which he sells goods. *He allows no Shoddy to be placed on his shelves.* He sells:

Men's heavy All-Wool Tweed Suits at	$7 00
Men's heavy All-wool Tweed Coats at	3 00
Men's heavy All-wool Tweed Pants at	1 75
Men's whole Stock Boots	1 75

Factory Flannels at 25c. per yd.
Men's Good Felt Hats at 50c.
Fulled Cloth at 40c per yard,
Full Yard-wide Factory Cottons at 5c. yd.
All-wool Tweed at 50c. per yard.

OUR FALL STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE

in every department. We are specially prepared to do business with the Ladies in Dress Goods in every design and shade, Winceys, Canton Flannels, Coloured Flannels, Tabling, hosiery, etc. Our Boot and Shoe Department is overflowing. Men's and ladies' underwear in endless variety. Further information regarding our immense stock given when you call at

RITCHIE'S BAZAAR.

Special attention given to the Jobbing Department.

S. S. RITCHIE.

2 Doors East of Benson House Kent st., Lindsay.

COUNTY TREASURER'S
SALE OF LANDS
FOR TAXES.

By virtue of a warrant under the hand of the Warden and the Seal of the Provisional County of Haliburton, bearing date the Third day of September, 1884, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list for arrears of taxes due thereon, and the costs as therein set forth, I hereby give notice that unless the arrears and costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said lands, or as much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge such arrears of taxes, and all lawful charges incurred, at the

Town Hall, in the Village of Minden,

—BY PUBLIC AUCTION—

ON TUESDAY, 16TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1884

At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, in accordance with the provisions of the Assessment Act:

TOWNSHIP OF SNOWDON.

LOT.	CON	ACRES.	TAXES	COSTS.	TOTAL.	REMARKS.
E½ 3	A	70	$25 86	$2 25	$28 11	Patented
Pt 5	A	94	62 23	3 16	65 39	Patented
6	A	99	86 63	2 52	89 15	Patented
18	A	100	29 24	2 33	31 57	Not Patented
19	A	92	29 24	2 33	31 57	Patented
20	A	100	81 90	3 65	85 55	Not Patented
20	A	126	53 54	2 94	56 48	Patented
28	A	100	43 75	2 69	46 44	Patented
8	1	115	36 47	2 51	38 98	Patented
11	1	100	30 31	2 36	32 67	Not Patented
22	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
23	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
24	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
25	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
26	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
27	1	100	46 25	2 76	49 01	Not Patented
28	1	120	43 68	2 69	46 37	Not Patented
29	1	120	43 60	2 60	46 [illegible]	Not Patented
32	1	158	29 23	2 33	31 56	Not Patented
W½ 3	5	60	16 87	2 02	18 89	Not Patented
26	5	100	5 85	1 75	7 60	Not Patented
2	6	100	17 00	2 02	19 02	Patented
10	6	100	41 06	2 63	43 69	Patented
6	8	100	40 30	2 61	42 91	Not Patented
S E pt 13	10	½	6 41	1 76	8 17	Patented
21	10	100	15 48	1 99	17 47	Not Patented
26	10	100	22 83	2 17	25 00	Not Patented
27	11	100	17 53	2 04	19 57	Not Patented
1	12	100	30 82	2 37	33 19	Patented
10	13	100	24 98	2 22	27 20	Not Patented
11	13	100	34 32	2 46	36 78	Not Patented
21	14	140	48 12	2 80	50 92	Patented
VILLAGE OF SNOWDONVILLE.						
Lot 1 N Sta. St.,		½	10 59	1 86	12 45	Patente
GLAMORGAN.						
33	2	100	44 24	2 71	46 95	Not Patented
1	4	98	26 18	2 25	28 43	Not Patented
3	4	69	26 18	2 25	28 43	Not Patented
20	4	100	27 63	2 29	29 92	Patented
21	4	100	25 10	2 22	27 32	Patented
31	6	100	34 69	2 47	37 16	Not Patented
31	15	130	37 99	2 55	40 54	Not Patented
MINDEN.						
E½ 23	A	60	26 42	2 26	28 68	Patented
10	A	128	48 20	2 80	51 00	Patented
Part 1	2	5	12 89	1 92	14 81	Patented
17	3	100	25 27	2 23	27 50	Patented
6	4	96	24 40	2 21	26 61	Patented
10	4	100	18 75	2 07	20 82	Not Patented
6	5	64	23 04	2 18	25 22	Patented
17	6	100	26 13	2 25	28 38	Not Patented
2	10	100	26 22	2 26	28 48	Not Patented
3	10	100	26 23	2 26	28 49	Not Patented
6	10	100	20 25	2 11	22 36	Not Patented
7	10	100	20 25	2 11	22 36	Not Patented
4	11	100	25 11	2 23	27 34	Not Patented
9	13	100	18 89	2 07	20 96	Patented
VILLAGE OF MINDEN.						
Lot 1 W St. Germain-st.		½	6 73	1 77	8 50	Patented
Pt 2 W Milne-st.		½	6 73	1 77	8 50	Patented
1 E Milne-st.		½	6 70	1 77	8 47	Patented
2 E Milne-st.		½	6 70	1 77	8 47	Patented
3 W St. Germain-st.		½	10 92	1 87	12 79	Patented
VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON.						
Lot 5, Block Y		½	12 98	1 92	14 90	Patented
LUTTERWORTH.						
N½ 1	7	50	18 98	2 07	21 05	Not Patented
17	7	20	10 05	1 85	11 90	Patented
1	8	100	36 19	2 50	38 69	Patented
2	A	100	27 96	2 30	30 26	Patented
13	A	90	24 23	2 21	26 44	Patented
ANSON.						
8	A	84	17 07	2 03	19 10	Patented
15	A	96	20 70	2 12	22 82	Patented
20	A	100	22 36	2 16	24 52	Patented
29	A	100	19 44	2 09	21 53	Patented
HINDON.						
4	A	100	17 43	2 04	19 47	Patented

M. BROWN, County Treasurer.

County Treasurer's Office,
Minden, Sept. 8th, 1884.

THE ADJOURNED SALE OF LAND, not Sold on the above date, will be held at the Town Hall, Minden, on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of December, commencing at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon.

M. BROWN, County Treasurer.

(The above list was first published on the 11th day of September, 1884.)

HARNESS,
HARNESS,
HARNESS.

Having opened a new Harness Shop in the Brick Block, in the

Village of Minden

and having had considerable experience in the manufacture of Harness, we are able to make in all styles at the

LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

A good stock of Collars and Made-up Harness will always be kept in stock.

Curry Combs, Brushes and all Saddlers' Sundries constantly on hand.

Farmers will gladly accept this intimation, and leave their orders with us for anything they may want in the line.

Repairing good and carefully done.

ALFRED PALMER,
MANAGER.

Minden, 25th Sept., 1884.—f

WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

Everybody wants new clothes occasionally, and wants them made to fit.

When you want to get a nice suit in English or French Worsted, or in Scotch, American or Canadian Tweed leave your order with JOHN SKITCH, the rising merchant tailor of Lindsay.

You will find him opposite Ritchie's Bazaar, Kent Street, Lindsay, where he will always be happy to serve you.

All work guaranteed.

A full supply of Gents' Furnishings always on hand to choose from.

White Shirts at One Dollar.

Nice Umbrellas at 75 cents each.

All other goods equally low.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

Lindsay, 20th Aug., 1884.

BOOKBINDING.

We keep constantly in stock a large assortment of Bookbinding Material and can supply those who have back numbers of magazines or other periodicals with a first-class binding. We put up Hotel Registers in good style, with or without advertising blotter. Estimates promptly given.

BROWN & SMALL,
Minden, Ont.

Save money by getting your Sale Bills and all other classes of Printing at the Minden Echo office.

THE POOR MAN'S TURN

HAS COME!

THE MANUFACTURERS AND MONOPOLISTS HAVE HAD THEIRS.

The over-production of all classes of Woolen and Cotton Goods has brought down the prices much lower than ever was known. We have taken advantage of the low state of the market and have purchased very extensively. Never in the history of dry goods have prices been so low. We are abreast of the times and are able to offer you special Bargains in Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Shawls, Flannels, Winceys, Clouds, Cottonades, Cottons, Shirtings, Tweeds, Full Cloths, and in fact all kinds of Woolen and Cotton Goods.

MANTLES, MANTLES.

One case of 65 Winter Mantles just to hand at from $2.00 to $9.00 each---Great Value.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We have just opened out $1,200 worth of ready-made suits, both for men and boys. Also Overcoats and Ulsters, which for style, quality of goods, and prices, cannot be excelled.

BOOTS AND SHOES

for the million. Fine and coarse, cheap and durable.

SUGAR, SUGAR.

LOOK AT THIS: Eighteen lbs. Bright Sugar for $1.00
Fifteen " White "

SEE OUR NEW TEAS.—In proportion in value with our sugar we are selling a Tea for 25c. per lb. equal to any 40c. tea in the place, and our 40c tea excels any at 50c. in the county. We invite inspection of our large stock, feeling assured that we have never before been in a position to offer such great Bargains.

J. O. ROY, THE RULER OF LOW PRICES,
MINDEN and KINMOUNT.

WHERE TO BUY!

THE

VERY BEST GOODS

AT THE LOWEST PRICES

Is a question often asked. An effective answer will be found by calling at

PEARCE'S

GENERAL STORE

Our stock is fresh, well assorted, and of such varied grades as to suit all classes of customers.

The DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT will be found replete with all the Novelties of the Fall and Winter season and must be seen to be appreciated.

Our READY-MADE CLOTHING is of the latest style and ranges from the Heaviest Working Goods to the Finest Tweed Suits.

In BOOTS AND SHOES we have a large stock from the best makers at prices that defy competition.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS of the freshest and most varied description.

We make no pretensions to sensational advertising, as the public are aware, as customers will find our goods and prices just as they are represented.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

PEARCE'S GENERAL STORE,

MINDEN.

CURRY'S DRUG STORE

MINDEN.

FRESH ARRIVALS FOR SEPTEMBER:

DIAMOND PACKAGE DYES,
PURE SPICES, whole and ground.
FLORAL PERFUMES IN BULK,
HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE,
INSECT POWDER, for Flies, etc., in bulk and tins,
CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND,
and CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR,
(The latest patent medicines.)

Wyeth's Beef, Iron and Wine, Fellows' Hypophosphites, Hearle's Toilet Soaps, Paints Dry and ground in oil,

GAGE'S READERS AND COPY BOOKS.

To arrive about the 20th inst.: Our Fall Stock of Wall Papers and Paper Window Shades.

A large stock of Patent Medicines, Drugs, Stationery, School Supplies, Hair Brushes, etc., constantly on hand.

F. R. CURRY, Proprietor.

Minden, Sept. 13th, 1884.

WHEN YOU VISIT MINDEN

BE SURE TO CALL AT

GAINER'S SHOE STORE,

Brick Block, opposite Morrow's Hotel, where you will always find

MR. JOHN BURBY,

who has just returned from Quebec, ready to take your measure for all kinds of

BOOTS & SHOES,

And you may rely on getting a perfect fit and the very best material, sewed or pegged.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

REPAIRING promptly and neatly done at low prices.

WILLIAM GAINER.

Minden, Aug. 20th, 1884.